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UP IN THE NORTH.

LAPP KÅTA AT NJAVI

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UP IN THE NORTH.

NOTES ON A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO LULEÅ AND INTO LAPLAND.

Lapp Aristocrats.

BY THOMAS SHAIRP.

London: Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly.
1872.

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PREFACE.

In the following pages no attempt has been made to produce an elaborate disquisition on the moral, social, or political condition of the Swedes or Laplanders, since the perusal of the daily papers would give a far better and more useful idea on these heads than would a volume, cumbrous and dry as such productions usually are. Neither has the Author endeavoured to dilate learnedly on the fauna, flora, geology, or natural features of Sweden and Lapland, his object being solely to convey, in a readable manner, without any rhetorical flourishes or high-flown phraseology, those impressions of the country which seemed to him most worthy of record as being either novel, interesting, or, at the least, not commonplace. If he has failed in his object, it will be a matter of regret to none more than himself; if he has succeeded, then there will be added to the

most pleasant trip he has on record* the no less pleasant reflection that his own experiences may perchance lead others to follow his example, and seek a novel tour and a new sensation "Up in the North."

London, May, 1872.

* This Tour was made in the summer of last year.

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UP IN THE NORTH.

CHAPTER I.

Start from London—A Swedish Dinner—Gottenburg—Railway Journey to Stockholm—The Swedish Capital—The Pseudo-Englishman and the Epsom Salts—Lateness of the Season.

THERE are few countries in Europe so little visited as Sweden, and there are few countries which so well repay the visitor; not alone on account of the natural scenery, which is in itself surpassingly beautiful, and, in its tamest aspects, exceedingly striking, but also in reference to the quaint customs, original modes of life, and antiquated practices which meet one on every hand. Germany and Switzerland are overdone, France is overrun from end to end with excursionists, Belgium and Holland are the prey of Cook and his pleasure-seeking horde, Italy is full of strangers, Spain and Greece even are not unvisited, while Russia and Norway are yearly becoming more fashionable. But Sweden! No

one goes there, comparatively speaking, because it is imagined there is nothing to see in a country having no point higher than 6,500 feet above the sea. Deluded mortals!

The best route to any country is always the most direct; hence the best way to get to Sweden is by sea. There are two boats from London to Gottenburg every week during the season—one Swedish, one English—both leaving on Friday morning, which is a capital day to start on a journey. If you wish to have everything savouring of your native country about you as long as possible, go by the latter; if you desire to know at once how Swedes live, travel by the former boat.

It was on the 30th June that we made our way to the Isle of Dogs, and took ourselves and effects on board the *Prins Oscar*, which was to leave at ten o'clock precisely, or as near that time as the tide should allow of the opening of the gates of the Millwall Dock. It was half-past eleven before we were towed out, in a shower of drifting rain, and found that we had really started. The *Prins Oscar* is a snug although not a very fast boat, and we made ourselves exceedingly comfortable on board, enjoying the passage down the river immensely, and taking

advantage of the smooth water to indulge in a good dinner, served entirely in the Swedish manner.

The good old English style of dining is appreciated wherever it is known, and while we are adopting the Russian fashion, that nation is gradually taking to our mode. The Swedes, however, prefer their own customs, which in this matter are so peculiar that I will devote a word to them.

In the first place comes the "Bränvinsbord," or "Smörgåsbord," meaning, literally, the table at which you indulge in bread and butter and the native spirit. On shore it is customary to take these preliminaries to dinner standing at a side table, but on board ship the limited space necessitates the spreading of these luxuries on one end of the dining-table. Decanters containing *Renat* (a sort of strong and very bad gin, entirely unflavoured), *Pomerans* (an equally objectionable spirit, highly aromatic, and tasting powerfully of aniseed or caraway and bitter orange), and a still less desirable liquid, form the centre of a group of very small dishes containing salted fish (*strömming*, a sort of overgrown sprat), raw smoked salmon, dried reindeer flesh, as tough as leather, and as tasteless, cold

beef or other meat, all cut into minute slices, cheese, which is generally as old as the hills and as hard, with more similar delicacies. The way to partake of these things is as follows:—Take a piece of *knäckebröd*, which always is placed on the smörbord, spread it plentifully with butter, and seizing a fork, choose from the little dishes the viand you fancy most eatable, put it on the *knäckebröd* (which is a sort of biscuit made of rye and flavoured with aniseed), and then bite away sandwich fashion. Swedish etiquette allows you to replace in the dish any piece of meat which, on close inspection, does not seem to your taste, so that you may fish up a morsel here and there until you make your final selection. This is the substantial part of the affair. Of course you have begun with a wine-glass full of the raw Schnapps, by which name they call the spirit, which you drink off without winking, and if you are a specially sociable sort of person you may take a second glass. They tell you in Sweden that the preliminary to dinner gives you an appetite for the solid part which follows; they tell children in England that there is an old man up in the moon: you are not bound to believe it.

Having shaken every tooth in your head in munching the hard biscuit (it is made once a

year, so that you *may* get a very old piece), you take your place at the table. Then comes an ordinary sort of dinner. Soup, or *buljong*, which is broth pure and simple, salmon raw and cooked (beware of the former), cutlets or made dishes (never a joint), and sweets to follow. Do not expect to get cheese to finish with; it is customary to *begin* with that. On board the *Prins Oscar* I made my first acquaintance with *sillsallat* (literally, herring-salad), the English of which Mr. May informs us, in his Swedish and English conversations book, is Salmagundi. It consists of potatoes, beet-root, herring, and one or two other ingredients, chopped up into small fragments, and, no doubt, to a practised palate is a very agreeable dish.

When we had concluded this meal and again came on deck, we found that the weather had cleared, and that there was hardly a ripple on the water; and thus it continued during the whole time of crossing the North Sea, so that of the six passengers in the saloon not one was sea-sick. I mention this as rather an unusual circumstance for a sea on which gales spring up suddenly, and which has a bad name for being very rough almost all the year round. It was an exceptionally favourable voyage, and had it

not been that on the following Sunday afternoon we were delayed by a mist, through which the careful captain went at half-speed, we should have made a comparatively rapid passage. As it was, we did not arrive in Gottenburg until four or five o'clock on Monday morning, and by the time we got on shore, after having been "passed" by the custom-house officers, we found that we were just too late for the six o'clock express train to Stockholm, on which we had counted.

Under these circumstances there was nothing for it but to "do" Gottenburg, and wait until Tuesday morning. A drive of a few minutes brought us to the principal hotel, the Göta Källare, which is by no means a first-class establishment, and not so reasonable in its charges as the hotels in other towns; a fact possibly accounted for by the proximity of England, in which country the terms "hotel bill" and "exorbitant prices" are synonymous. After breakfast we explored the town.

Göteborg, as the Swedes call this pretty little place, reminds one, with its canals and tree-shaded walks, of some Dutch towns. Everything is scrupulously clean and neat, everything is excessively prim, and consequently everything is

wofully dull. There is a pleasant garden in the town, in which a band discourses nightly the popular airs of London, and—I do not know that there is anything else worth mentioning.

By means of one of the very respectable carriages to be obtained in the town, we saw everything the city and its suburbs could show us, supping at Laurensberg, on the outskirts, in the twilight, at ten o'clock, and returning to the Källare at twelve, in a shower of rain. The increasing lateness of the sunset was very observable, and although we had to put our watches forward about three-quarters of an hour, we could still perceive that we had a great advantage, in the matter of light, over the land we had last seen.

At six o'clock on the following morning we bid adieu to this little town, which apes in everything the ways and manners of the English, copying its fashions, talking its language as much as possible, and even playing its popular music — without which it would perhaps be better. A journey of twelve hours by railway was before us, to which we were reconciled by only one thing—the vast superiority, except in the matter of speed, of the Swedish over the English railway system: admirable carriages,

commodious stations, and a most excellent mode of supplying refreshments on the way.

The first portion of the journey from Gottenburg is through country the most desolate and barren, but at the same time picturesque. Vast tracts of uncultivated land, bleak, rocky, and sterile, stretch far away into the distance, bounded everywhere by fir and pine trees, and here and there diversified by boisterous streams tearing down from the hills, which rise up at irregular intervals, and by lakes, marshes, and indefinable expanses of water, which are neither the one nor the other. Here and there well-cultivated patches of land are passed, but three-fourths of the country through which the railway makes its way seems far too rocky and barren ever to be worth cultivating.

At eight o'clock the train rests for about twenty minutes at a small station, for the passengers to take their breakfast, and again at two o'clock it stops for dinner at Katrineholm for about a half-hour, or a little more, when an admirable repast can be obtained for a dollar and a half. Excellent coffee may be had, two or three kinds of hot meat, fish, and sweets; and as every one takes a plate and helps himself, there is no limit to the allowance—the hungry

may satiate the most tremendous appetite, the fanciful may choose among several dishes, and each ought to be well satisfied, for the cooking is unimpeachable, while everything is exemplarily clean. The charge is about one shilling and sevenpence.

As the train approaches Stockholm the scenery becomes much bolder, larger lakes appear, running up to the very sides of the line, now on the right, now on the left hand, while huge granite rocks spring through the shallow soil and tower above, mingling with the rich foliage of the forest trees and the sombre green of the pines, which one moment are close to the line, and the next far away in the blue distance. Presently the most glorious town of Northern Europe bursts on the sight, and after winding and twisting round several curves we are in Stockholm.

Of course there is a great deal of trouble with the luggage (which has already had to pay almost as much as its owners for the honour of being conveyed), for by some error a wrong number has got on to some of the boxes; but this is a difficulty easily overcome, and we are soon in one of the public cabs, about as good as a London livery-stable carriage, with a pair of

very fair horses, and a driver resplendent in blue and silver. A drive of about twenty minutes, over the most execrable roads human ingenuity can devise, brings us to Rydberg's Hotel, in the Gustaf Adolf Torg, facing the royal palace, which stands on the other side of the water, a vast pile, gigantic, but not overpoweringly handsome. It is rather a drawback to one's comfort, certainly, having such terrible pavement—large round stones about six inches in diameter; but they tell you that in winter, when ice is very plentiful, the hilly streets of Stockholm would be impracticable both for pedestrians and horse traffic if a smoother kind of roadway were adopted. One is led to imagine that a chiropodist could realise a rapid fortune in this town.

How many people have called Stockholm the Venice of the north! It is truly a magnificent city, built on several islands and hillsides, plentifully watered by the outfalls of the great Lake Mälar, and situated most picturesquely; but to be seen to advantage one must go to the east, where the view is grand in the extreme. I shall devote a few words to this prospect later on.

The first thing to do is to put your watch forward about twenty minutes; then have some coffee, which is always excellent even in the

wildest and most obscure parts of Sweden. Oh that I could say as much for the best parts of London! Who has not remembrances of the villainous, muddy, brown mixture that is consumed in the metropolis of the world? Bad coffee adulterated with abominations which are not tasteless, and mixed with a doubtful combination called cream or milk—— But I shudder at the remembrance.

Being refreshed after the journey with this excellent infusion of the berry, we strolled down to the Strömparterre, a tastefully laid-out garden on the water-side, just below the bridge leading up to the palace, where a tolerably good band plays nightly, and where refreshments, in the shape of ices and other light refection, may be obtained. Here we sat and talked until daylight waned, and then—it was twelve o'clock; no darkness came that night, only a sort of dim twilight, sufficiently dense to necessitate a candle indoors.

On the following morning we were out betimes to see this wondrously beautiful town, and in the course of the day did much. As everything in Gottenburg is in imitation of the English, so everything in Stockholm is copied from the French, and the language of that volatile nation

is very much spoken. The Stockholmers and Gottenburgers being thus in a manner opposed, are consequently slightly antagonistic. A good story in illustration of this was current when we were there. An Anglo-Swede, as he may almost be called, was stopping at Rydberg's Hotel, where, much to the annoyance of a waiter, whose sympathies were entirely French, he called for everything English—English pickles, English beer, English bread—until the patience of the much-enduring waiter was entirely exhausted.

"Ja," said he at length, "och kanske herrn också will få Engelska salt!" ("Yes, and perhaps you would like English salt as well;" English salt being the Swedish rendering of Epsom salts!)

It was not our intention to make the capital our resting-place, as we wished to hurry up at once to the north, to enjoy as long as possible the luxury of perpetual daylight. The boats we found were irregular in their times of going; there was one on this day, an indirect boat, which called at all the Baltic stations up to Haparanda, on the Russian frontier, and a direct boat was to leave on the following Monday, going to the same town, but only calling in at two or three places on the way, and doing the journey in about

a day less. By the former we elected to travel, for two reasons: firstly, we should be much earlier in Luleå, whither we were bound; secondly, we should have the advantage of seeing the beautiful little towns on the Gulf of Bothnia, all of which well deserve a visit. Consequently, we gave directions to have our luggage taken on board the *Thule*, which was to leave at eight o'clock in the evening, paid our bill—(it is customary in Sweden to charge for the night if you occupy your room after six o'clock in the afternoon)—and then, having a few clear hours before us, we jumped into one of the numerous little steamers plying on the river, or fjord, and in a few moments were landed at Hasselbacken, the favourite dining-place and lounge. There you can have an excellent dinner (I have still a grateful remembrance of the ice-pudding) at a very moderate cost, enlivened by a band, which discourses very pleasantly, all *al fresco*—a great delight and novelty to one accustomed to live in a large town. The wines are good in their way (excepting sherry, which is abominable, no pale, dry wine ever being seen in Sweden); but they are terribly dear for a country in which the duties are not excessive. A very moderate claret was charged four dollars a bottle (a dollar is the

eighteenth part of a sovereign); Johannisberger, five dollars; and a champagne, which certainly was *not* Moët et Chandon, cost us seven dollars and a half. These prices contrast very unfavourably with even English rates.

It was remarkable that at Hasselbacken (and we noticed the same in Stockholm) the lilacs were just then in full perfection. July is rather late in the season for these flowers of the early spring; however, it showed us very plainly that we were approaching nearer to the north, and the higher we got the more observable became the lateness of the seasons here. A fortnight before this there had been a great field of ice lying three or four hundred miles further up the gulf.

CHAPTER II.

On board the *Thule*—Glorious View of Stockholm—Grilled Salmon—Gefle—Inquisitive Hudiksvallians—Swedish Jokes—Sundsvall—Hernösand and its Watchmen—Örnsköldsvik—Want of Photographic Skill—Rathan—Ursvik—Piteå and its Soldiers—"As it were a beef"—Skål—Luleå.

At eight o'clock, punctually to her time, the *Thule* moved slowly away from the skeppsbron, or wharf, amid much waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the crowd on land, who had come down to see the last of their friends. It was a glorious evening, genially warm, but not hot, with a light and balmy breeze fanning the water into ripples; and as we moved down the fjord towards the Baltic, steering amid the innumerable islands a very devious course, the view of Stockholm, gradually receding, was superbly magnificent. The sun was sinking, and casting up on the pure blue of the heavens great masses of rich crimson, which lent a tender, soft tone to the distance, and dappled the surface of the water with most exquisite tints. Much as I had heard

the beauty of this city lauded, much as I had anticipated from the accounts of numerous writers, I was in no way disappointed with the view of the town from the eastward; and to all that I have heard and read I can only add a note of admiration.

Springing, it seems, directly from the clear, pure water, in which shadows are cast almost as distinct as the originals, the city rises to a great height up the hillsides, which mellow in the extreme distance into soft tints of purple. Almost in the centre stands the vast, massive, square palace, flanked on one side by the tall, tapering, lattice-work iron spire of the Riddarholm Church, on the other by the cathedral, and, above all, by the cupola dome of St. Catherine's Church—a magnificent amphitheatre, exceeding in effect anything one's anticipations have pictured. To heighten the picturesqueness of the view, add the shipping on the water—you may see vessels of almost every nation under the sun anchored in the stream—and you have a picture which is hardly to be surpassed, and which any description can but very imperfectly convey to the mind.

The steamer winds in and out among the countless little islands, clad with fir, pine, oak, and a few

other varieties of trees, which dot the surface of the fjord, while almost every moment the scenery changes and presents something new to the admiring gaze. At first one passes villa residences hidden away amongst the trees at every available point; then small hamlets and the king's summer palace—a very striking building; on further, and a town appears on the banks; then the renowned fortress of Waxholm, which guards the entrance to Stockholm from the sea, frowning at possible invaders, but looking very calm and quiet in the peaceful evening. Further yet, and the streams widen, or rather, the islands are not scattered with quite so prodigal a hand, and, as the distance from the Swedish capital increases, the more wild and barren the isles appear, the gaunt rocks showing in great masses through the poor, thin soil, and here and there rising to a considerable height. As we thus come nearer to the open Baltic, the scenery presents little variety, so that the very sameness of its beauty makes it pall on the taste, and we turn to the ship itself for contrast.

The *Thule* is a paddle-steamer, of about seven hundred tons, with engines of one hundred and twenty horse-power, rather bluff in the bows, certainly, but a good sea-boat, as steady as one

of the rocks which we are passing. She has a capital saloon, clean to a nicety, and comfortably furnished, with a piano for such of the passengers as may be musically inclined. From either side of the saloon open small cabins, which are the sleeping berths by night; they are amply large, each taking two persons, and almost luxurious in their arrangement. Beneath the window, which is about twenty inches by fourteen, and opens completely* (a very great luxury), is a closing-up washstand, having an arrangement of folding top that enables it to be converted to a decent-sized table for use in the daytime, and on either hand runs a comfortable couch, covered with crimson velvet, on which the beds are made; while above is a commodious shelf, where all one's paraphernalia can be stowed. Nothing can exceed the cheerfulness and comfort of these berths.

In each cabin hangs a copy of the "Ordnings Reglor," that is to say, the rules and regulations of the vessel. Among these is the very wholesome ordination that "no person shall open a meat-sack,† or eat thereoutof, on the upper deck." When will so admirable a rule be adopted on English steamers?

* This is in the upper saloon. There is a second saloon below, in which are the ordinary round lights instead of windows.

† "Mat-säck"—any bag in which provisions are carried.

On the following morning we were up early, arriving in the restaurant in the fore-cabin—nothing but coffee is allowed in the saloons—at the same time as the captain to breakfast. He is a bluff and hearty sailor, speaking English admirably, and understanding German and French almost as well, from whom we received every kindness and attention. One of the rules of the Swedish mercantile marine is, that every man, before being qualified to take the position of a captain, shall speak two languages besides his own. From this same Captain Flory we learnt a mode of cooking salmon which is perfection—to grill the smoked fish and serve it with poached eggs; and so many times did we ask for this luxury, having it specially prepared for us, that the restauratrice forestalled our wishes, and, taking it for granted that the favourite dish would be called for, she placed it on the *mat-sedel*, or *carte*—"*Stekt graf lax med ägg.*"

At half-past ten we arrived at Gefle (pronounced Yaivlé), where we went ashore and walked through the town. It is the largest and the least interesting of all the towns on the gulf. Signs of the devastating fire of 1869, which destroyed nearly half the old town, are now rapidly disappearing before the work of the

architect and the builder. Good is apparently coming out of this great evil, for the buildings are being put up further back from the old roadways, which can easily be traced, and a more regular arrangement is being followed for the direction of the streets. Several fine new buildings, many of them of stone, are already completed, rearing themselves proudly from the surrounding ruins; and a new church is rapidly approaching the finishing-stroke of its builder. The old church still remains intact, having stood in a quarter of the town which happily escaped the terrible conflagration that deprived so many of the inhabitants of their homes. It is a fine building, exteriorly not remarkable, but in the interior tastefully decorated in the usual Swedish style of white, blue, and gold, presenting a very handsome and striking appearance on the whole, but not containing any objects of special interest. Gefle is one of the principal timber-exporting places on the gulf, as is easily apparent from the vast heaps of deals along the wharfs, and the great number of ships taking in cargoes of this chief staple of Swedish commerce.

After a rest of three hours the *Thule* made her way once more northward, turning with much difficulty in the narrow river preparatory to

steaming ahead again. The sea was smooth as a mill-pond, and in this condition it continued for the rest of the voyage, as we kept close in shore, often passing in narrow passages between the mainland and the numerous islands which stud the coast.

Our passengers became more numerous as we touched at each fresh station, and here we took on board an Englishman, not a tourist, but a Londoner bent on business in connection with the timber trade. This was the only countryman of our own that we saw on the voyage up, and him we left again a couple of hundred miles further on, his business taking him no further than Hernösand. Our own party consisted of four at this time, an addition of one having been made to our strength in Stockholm—he whom we were coming to visit, his residence being in Luleå.

The passage along the coast is especially delightful with a calm sea and fine weather, and although there is little diversity in the appearance of the shore—always low rocky hills and never-ending forests of pine and fir—still there is much to gratify and amuse, the frequent stoppages adding greatly to the pleasure of the voyage, and serving to break the monotony of a three

or four days' sea-trip. As yet, however, we were only commencing our experiences; all the novelty was still to be reached.

At seven o'clock we came to the port of Söderhamn, where we stayed a couple of hours; but as the stopping-place is a mere wharf in the immediate proximity of a few insignificant wooden buildings, the town itself being two or three miles inland, there was little of interest to be seen, and we were not sorry to be off again. When these boats stop a notice board is exhibited by the gangway with the time of starting plainly chalked up, so that one has no excuse for missing the boat; moreover, before starting, three long and loud whistles are given, at intervals of a few minutes, to remind the passengers that it is time to go on board.

At two o'clock on the following morning I was awakened by a great tramping of feet on deck, the boat having pulled up at Hudiksvall; but as I did not then see the town I will leave its description until later on. Almost the whole town turns out on the arrival of the boats, and the people walk on board and all over the vessel as coolly as if it were brought there solely for their inspection. On this occasion some of the more inquisitive came into the saloon, and hearing

that we had the head of one of the departments which controls the lighthouses—a sort of Commissioner of Buoys and Beacons—on board, they inquired for his cabin and interviewed him, *nolens volens*, notwithstanding that he was in bed and asleep at the time. The old gentleman, who was a most courteous and agreeable man, having a perfect knowledge of the English language, acquired on board one of our own men-of-war, on which he had served for some time, recounted the circumstance with much amusement at the breakfast table. His fancy was rather tickled, but knowing the Swedish character and the peculiar free and easy manners of the country, he evinced very little surprise at the visit. He was on a tour of inspection of the lighthouses on the coast, and I could not help being surprised at the contrast which his case presented to that of any English official on a tour of inspection. He was quite alone, and one heard no ridiculous bombast from him, nor saw any private secretaries hanging about, or other of the parasites that invariably dangle after an English official, and are, indeed, inseparable from him.

It has been said, and repeated rather too often, that the Scottish brain is incapable of appreciating a joke. Such might be said with reason of the

Swedes. One does on rare occasions hear a trifling witticism, but it has almost invariably been borrowed from England, or has sprung from a connection with that country. The Gottenburgers try to make puns; hence a pun in Sweden is called "a Gottenburg" by the few who have adopted slang. This old gentleman who was with us attempted a feeble joke—it is probable he had learnt the practice from his English shipmates.

"There is a vast deal of *timmer* (timber) in Sweden," said he, "but even when all the forests are cut down the supply will not be exhausted, for there will still remain *fruntimmer* (ladies)." Very weak, no doubt; but then, as the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table truly observes, indifferent jokes pass muster as superlative when one is travelling.

At one o'clock we came to the principal town, after Gefle, on the Gulf of Bothnia—Sundsvall. It is a large and flourishing seaport, containing nearly six thousand inhabitants, and destined to become a still more important place, for a railway is projected to run right across the country to Trondjem, in Norway, on the other seaboard. At present it is the starting-place on the land route to Norway, on which account it is yearly becoming of more importance. When the railway

is made there is no doubt that, communication being opened up with the interior and with the adjoining kingdom, and the means of access to England being rendered less difficult, Sundsvall will play a very prominent part in the commercial history of Sweden. On the quay there is a fine custom-house and an excellent hotel, and further in is a large market-place—where, however, very few commodities seemed on sale—surrounded with really handsome buildings, all of course of wood, but many of them painted to resemble stone.

The river Nirunda debouches at Sundsvall, on which the situation of the town is extremely pretty. Birch, fir, and pine are the principal trees observable, and with these the surrounding hills are plentifully clothed; but a few of the more familiar forest trees of England may also be seen, while even apples are grown here, but this is their northern limit. If a few hundred feet could be added to the height of the hills, Sundsvall, almost surrounded as it is, except on the water side, would be one of the most picturesque seaport towns in Europe.

At half-past four the *Thule* started again, and at nine o'clock the same evening once more put us ashore, this time at Hernösand. Compared with

Sundsvall in importance, Hernösand is, in racing language, nowhere (it has more than two thousand inhabitants less); but in point of picturesqueness it far surpasses the former place. Situate on a lovely little bay, with well-wooded hills sloping down to the water's edge, it has a most charmingly romantic appearance, the effect of which is much heightened by the slope of the town upwards on the land side, and the bright red of the houses.

By the time we had indulged in some coffee and other light refreshment at the nearest *värdshus*, which was dignified with the name of a hotel, it was nearly ten o'clock, and the sun was sinking behind the hills, tinting the sky far up with gorgeous roseate hues, and dappling the water with gold. The early people were closing their shops, so that our attempts to procure photographs were abortive, and we were obliged to be content with mental pictures. A walk of a few moments brought us to the town square, on one side of which is the town-hall, a fine building painted white, and with its spire-like tower very much resembling a church. No one was visible in this square save one small boy, who was carrying indoors some goods exposed outside one of the shops, preparatory to shutting up for

the night; but ere we had stood there many minutes we were startled by the echoes of something sounding not unlike the winding of a cow-horn, which was rather surprising in the quiet of the evening, and in another moment two men appeared, when our curiosity as to the purport of the wailing, dismal music was soon satisfied. They were the watchmen of the town, who were proclaiming by means of a horn, some three or four feet in length, the fact that the clock was about to strike. Presently ten feeble strokes resounded from the tower of the town-hall, when our two friends visited several street corners in succession, repeating their melancholy noise to warn the good people that the clock had finished striking, and would not perform in public again for another hour.

Past the square and we came to the church, a pretty whitewashed building with two towers, surrounded by an ample yard, giving on to the public garden of the town. What can we say of this garden? It was very early in the season, so perhaps it would be unfair to criticise it; but six or seven weeks later it was very fairly stocked with flowers such as are familiar to us in England, but by no means growing in such rich luxuriance. Overlooking the garden

stands a large, new refreshment-room—rather pretentious in size for so small a place, it appeared to a stranger; but no doubt the townspeople know their own requirements.

Making our way back to the boat, we met a water party returning home from a pleasure excursion, and disturbing the quiet of the slumbering town with their mirth. There were several ladies among the party, and we were rather surprised to see how fashionably, for so remote a district, some of them were dressed. It was past eleven o'clock when the *Thule* started, but there was no need of artificial light, for as the sun had only just set, and as his morning duties commenced again at about one, there was nothing more than a sort of twilight, nothing approaching darkness. On the other horizon the moon was peeping up just above the level of the hills, which, added to the excellent colouring of the sunset hues, rendered more pleasing a picture which was complete before.

A little north of Hernösand the great and justly-famed Angermann river runs into the gulf. Small steamers ply up as far as Sollefteå,* about thirty miles, and a trip of two days enables one

* Not to be confounded with Skellefteå, at the mouth of the river bearing the same name.

to see a river which in natural beauty is said far to surpass the much-praised Rhine—a statement of the truth of which I have not the slightest doubt.

It was eight o'clock on the following morning before we were up again, having found our boat, when we woke, moored alongside the jetty at Örnsköldsvik. It is a small town of under five hundred inhabitants, but for beauty of situation it is unsurpassed by any place on the coast. An island lying at the entrance of the river on which the little town stands, gives very much the appearance of a lake to the water at this part, no means of exit to the open sea being visible. Tall hills of red granite, crowned with fir, birch, and "asp" (a sort of beech), rise from the river's edge, and tower far above the little town of bright red houses nestling at their base. On the left hand as you approach the town a fine valley, beautifully wooded and watered by a meandering little stream, stretches away until it loses itself again among the hills. It was most disappointing that in a place so picturesque not a decent photograph could be obtained, all the views being stiff and formal, taken with no idea of effect. It was a constant source of regret that in a country possessing so much of the

beautiful no photographer existed who could take an artistic view;* even in Stockholm, where one would expect to find art more appreciated, not one decently picturesque view of the magnificent town could be obtained.

On shore in this hill-surrounded district it was intensely hot; and the rich living provided by the *Thule*, combined with the want of exercise —for the walks on shore were but limited— was beginning to make itself felt, calling up visions of blue pills and other medicinal abominations, which would become a necessity if one did not begin to indulge again in pedestrianism.

At half-past four the same day we called at another station, the port of Umeå, the town being two miles or so up the river, where we saw nothing but a timber wharf and saw-mill, with one or two scattered houses, and were not sorry to start again, which we did a little after eight o'clock. Another four hours spent in steering through most intricate passages among the myriad rocky islets dotting the coast, and we drew up at Rathan, a desolate village. It is situated on a tiny bay, the mouth of which is closed by a

* Since writing the above I have received some photographs of Sundsvall and Hernösand far superior, in an artistic point of view, to those of other towns which I obtained in Sweden.

long island; and seen as we saw it, under a gorgeous sky which cast the glorious sheen of its own brilliant crimson on to the calm water in the bay, it compared very favourably with many a view which is extolled as surpassingly beautiful. Although so poor a village, it still has some historical interest attaching to it, for here took place a fierce encounter in 1809 between the opposing forces of the Swedes and Russians, the former of whom aided and protected their forces on shore by a fleet in the bay. There was a furious fight of eight hours, when the Swedes fell back on their entrenchments. Renewing the encounter on the following day, they defeated their opponents and made their way to the fleet, while the Russians retreated to Piteå with a loss of over 2,000 men, the Swedes having lost under 1,000, both exclusive of officers. The whole force of the latter was said to consist of only 6,500 men, while the Russians, who sustained a rather serious defeat, had a superior number. Marks of the bullets and howitzer shots are still visible on one of the houses, while the entrenchment on the hill side remains very visible, near which stands a simple cross erected to the memory of "J. Nisbeth, Commander of the Royal Regiment of Uppland

Jägare, who fell here full of honour, fighting for the Fatherland."

The simple villagers, who slept peacefully in their cots, no doubt would have anathematized us strangers had they only known that we were rude enough to look in at the windows of their bedrooms! It was past twelve o'clock, but we saw at that time nearly as plainly as in broad day.

It was one o'clock when we left the first place in which we saw anything that could put a melancholy thought into our heads; and, after all, a grave-stone is a very ordinary subject of contemplation.

The following day was Sunday, and when we awoke in the morning the *Thule* was moored at Ursvik, the port of Skellefteå, distant from the town three or four miles. There was nothing to be seen but a wharf and a telegraph office, neither an object of special interest, and we had no particular regrets when, at ten o'clock, we were again under way. At three o'clock, however, we once more went ashore at the quaint little town of Piteå, where we were much struck with the appearance of the rectangular streets of red houses with which we were becoming more familiar, and where apparently some of the

natives were equally if not more struck with *our* appearance, for one or two followed us as we walked through the town, commenting audibly on our dress, and especially seeming entertained with the costume of a lady who formed one of our party. An English lady is a rarity in these parts.

At the extreme end of the town we saw some small boys fishing at a little stream, and hooking out fish about five or six inches long, some considerably larger, almost as fast as they could drop the bait.

Here we saw a regiment of the Swedish militia, who marched through the town accompanied by their band. Their marching was as irregular as their uniform, which in substance much resembled shabby bed-tick; their boots were marvels, many of them wearing the regular Lapp boots turned up to a point, forming a sort of hook at the toe.

The *gästgifvaregården*, or inn, of Piteå has a pleasant garden attached, in which we partook of the inevitable punch of the country, a liquid made of arrack, and not unlike English punch, but very sweet, which we drank *sub tegmine fagi*, with soda-water. Anything more substantial than this was not to be obtained at the hotel,

so that we were constrained to return and dine on board our ship.

It was seven o'clock when we saw the last of Piteå, and as the next station would be our resting-place, it behoved us to settle our accounts. It is customary on board these steamers, as it is on those coasting between Trondjem and Hammerfest, to have a long black book in the cabin, in which each person writes his score. It is doubtful whether such a plan would answer all over the world, although among these primitive and honest people nothing could act better. Mistakes occasionally occur, of course, but they are always trivial, and seldom to the traveller's detriment. In one instance, which the Luleå newspaper, *Norrbottens Kuriren*, narrated, an Englishman, who was going up the gulf, had written his name on the first line of the page instead of above it, and when the restauratrice filled in the prices she put fifty öre against his name. He remonstrated, but she insisted that it was an item of food, and he had to pay for his name "as it were a beef," as the Swedish paper, mustering up its best English for the occasion, put it in narrating the incident. Our charges for the four days were trifling, not amounting to more than six shillings a day, which, considering the good

things we had been indulged with, cannot be considered high.

There was but one passenger, besides our own party, left on board, and with him we now took a farewell *skål.* This habit of perpetual health-drinking becomes rather tedious in time, for the sober insular mind hardly comprehends the necessity of more than one health at a sitting, whereas in Sweden there is a clinking of glasses and an exchange of *skål* before every sip. The origin of this word as applied is rather curious. *Skål* is the Swedish for a basin, out of which primitive vessel it was customary in former times to drink; and when one wished to toast his friend, he would simply say "basin," and nod his head; then followed a great imbibition. Now the word has come round to mean "health;" consequently, when two Swedes drink together, *Skål* keeps up a sort of running accompaniment to their conversation. The present consumption of ardent spirits in Sweden is said to be eight gallons per person (old and young, male and female, all round) per annum.* What must the quantity have been when basins were in fashion!

* The annual consumption of spirits in England is only eight *pints* per head a year, or an *eighth* part of the Swedish consumption!

It was twelve o'clock when the *Thule*, after winding through the most intricate channels, marked out by bare fir-poles here and there, passing the group of islands at the mouth of the Luleå river, called Finnklipporna, steering through a narrow passage between buoys, and following the perfect form of a letter S, then changing her course to get into the bay, and finally swinging round to the wharf, was actually at Luleå, although the town had been close upon us some time, and we had expected to land half an hour before, on the opposite side of the peninsula on which the town is built, where, however, the water is too shallow.

Here we were at last at our destination—as pretty a little town as one could wish to see; its fine stone church standing like a sentinel or guardian angel high above every other building; its fine red houses reflected in the clear water so distinctly, that it was impossible to tell which was the real thing and which the shadow; and, above all, a glorious sky, not golden or copper-coloured, but veritable crimson, as rich and deep as the hues of the ruby. Twelve o'clock at night, but as broad daylight as it had been at mid-day, with the exception that there was no glare of sunshine; the "monarch of day,"

as the novelists love to call him, being just hidden behind the tops of the hills.

Sorry as we were to say adieu to the *Thule* and its admirable captain, we were yet glad to be once more on shore, to know that our journey of nearly seventeen hundred miles was ended, and to grasp the hands of our kind and hospitable friends in this far-off corner of Europe, who stood upon the quay to give us a genial and hearty welcome to Luleå.

On shore we found the heat very great, the tempering breeze of the sea, which had kept us cool on board ship, not being sufficient to induce the thermometer to remain within reasonable limits on land. A walk of five minutes, and we were at our friend's house, where an excellent supper awaited us. A short period given to conversation, and at some time after sunrise we went to bed, making our first acquaintance with a regular north Swedish sleeping-room and a Norrbotten summer night, in which darkness is not known, and of which twilight forms no part.

CHAPTER III.

Customs in Luleå—Houses—Price of Provisions—Mjölkoberg and Sunset—The Midnight Sun.

LULEÅ is the quaintest, most curious, and most interesting town to which fate could lead the traveller. It contains nearly two thousand inhabitants, most of whom dwell in the bright red houses peculiar to the district, and is laid out in well-made and regular streets, each block being rectangular, so that one finds no zigzag roads and turnings leading back to their starting-point, as in towns where streets do not intersect one another at right angles. There is a fine town-hall standing in the square; a Residens, or dwelling of the governor of the *län*, or province (Norrbotten); a prison, which is a queer little octagonal building; and a church dating back to the year 1790. This is the new town of Luleå, the old, *Gammal-staden*, lying six or seven miles higher up the river, where also is a church. It would seem to have been first laid out in the latter part

of the seventeenth century; and after having, in its early days, been twice destroyed by fire, has struggled to its present dimensions. In its youth the new town boasted only a wooden church, which, according to the author of "*Lappland, dess Natur och Folk*,"* after doing duty for a hundred years, was condemned, and succeeded by the present stone building, which is christened Gustaf's Church.

Notwithstanding that it is the only stone building in the town, it is far from imposing, plain whitewash being its only ornamentation; but it has a neat and well-kept graveyard—in fact, the most orderly churchyard which I saw in Sweden. Like the exterior, the interior of the church is whitewashed, ornamentation being disallowed and abominated by the peculiar sect, who, on the one hand, approach Roman Catholicism, and, on the other, verge on Puritanism. At the west end is a small gallery, containing an organ; there is no chancel or east window, although a small space is railed off for the altar or communion-table, which is placed on two steps, and ornamented, or rather covered, with a black velvet cloth, lightened with a little silver adorn-

* "*Lappland, dess Natur och Folk, efter fyra somrars vandringar, i bilder och text skildrade, af* CARL ANTON PETTERSSON, *Kaptenlöjtnant, m.m.*" Stockholm.

ment, and having on its top a white linen cloth edged with lace. Above is a super-altar, supporting two candlesticks, holding each three candles; while, surmounting all, is a gilt cross some ten feet high, having at its base a gold heart and anchor with laurel leaves, emblematical of faith, hope, and charity, all in the most rococo and, if one may say so without seeming irreverence, tawdry style. The pulpit is very high, and touching the wall, emblazoned with white and gold, the prevailing tints in all Swedish churches, and bearing a long inscription, which recounts how some generous townsman presented it on the building of the church. Above the pulpit is a carved sounding-board, on which is the following in old Swedish:—

"TILL GUD'S ÄRAN, KYRKANS PRYDAN."*

As it is customary to say most of the prayers from the communion-steps, no reading-desk is necessary, and consequently does not exist. The service much resembles that of the English Church, excepting that there are no responses; and the parson dresses in a black cassock, with a long streamer at his back (probably in ecclesiastical language there is some proper term for it),

* "To the honour of God and for the adornment of the church."

always carrying a large white handkerchief in his hand.

So much for the town, the chief trade of which is in wood ("deals and battens" is, I believe, the technical term) and tar, the products of the immediate vicinity.

The house in which I was located belongs to the Gellivara Company, with whose manager it was my good fortune to be staying; and being a good example of the superior class of Swedish house, I will endeavour to describe it. The proper front is the back, overlooking the garden, an enclosure of about an acre; and, as there is no door giving on to the street, one has to enter at the tall carriage-gates at the side, and come round to the porch. There is a bell-handle, but no bell; and if you wish to communicate with the household, you must walk into the kitchen; if, on the other hand, you are paying a visit, walk up-stairs to the drawing-room door, and *if the key is in the door*, you may enter; if the key is hanging on a peg beside the door, you must take it for granted that the family is not at home, and beat a retreat. This peculiar custom speaks well for the honesty of the Swedes—their chief virtue. It is even customary in smaller houses *to hang the key of the house-door up outside*, to show that

the family is not at home! Primitive people, may you never know what it is to have thieves among you!

On ascending the staircase, you notice, half-way, a swing door, which is for use in winter to keep off draughts; also that the entrance to the rooms is by double doors—a necessary precaution against cold in a land where they have eighty degrees of frost (Fahrenheit), that is to say, forty-eight degrees below zero, and where water, if exposed to the atmosphere, will rise up in a cloud like steam. The drawing-room, in which you now find yourself, is a room of about thirty-four feet by twenty, having at one end a smaller room about twenty feet square, both handsomely furnished, and resembling an English drawing-room very much, excepting that instead of the open grate, one sees in two corners of the larger room a tall, white porcelain stove of *kakelungn* rising to the ceiling—more precautions against the rigours of winter. There are five other rooms on this floor, and three rooms, in addition to an immense loft, as it is called, used in the winter for drying clothes, on the upper story, while the ground-floor contains eight rooms —dining-room, smoking-room, &c., kitchens, and servants' bedrooms. Turn to the right as you

enter the hall to a small ante-room, and you will be surprised to see two immense squirts, made of tin, standing in a corner. These you learn are for use in case of fire, the other preventives against this fearful evil in a wood-built town, prescribed by law, being a well which must be not more than a certain distance away, and a ladder, which is to be reared against the house and fixed into position. The utility of the latter seems rather doubtful, since it is, of course, immovable, and cannot be reached from any of the windows.

On either side of the garden are long ranges of "magazines;" on the left being, first, the house in which the coachman and his wife reside; the wine-cellar, underground, having entrance by a flight of steps, with a pent-house to keep off the wet;* the wood-house, stored with many cart-loads of split pine logs for winter use; the ice-house, in which one sees mighty blocks of ice about three feet square piled up to the ceiling, frozen into one gigantic mass; and a miscellaneous store. On the opposite side are the coach-house, containing the travelling carriage, a ponderous two-horse affair, the phaeton, the pleasure-sledge, and the travelling "do.," as

* The rainfall here is less than half that of London.

the catalogue-makers put it; next is the cow-house and winter chicken-house, with a great stove for warmth; then comes the stable, &c.; while above all are capacious lofts for hay and other winter fodder. Beyond this range of buildings is the chicken-house, the whole extent of magazines being about three hundred feet from end to end. Everything up here is arranged with a disregard for ground-rent which makes a Londoner tremble as he beholds.

It is not fair to imagine that the garden should display any triumphs of horticulture, or even luxuriance of growth, but it is by no means bad, producing enough vegetables to supply the wants of the household, while the flowers flourish tolerably well, especially the hardy annuals, the seeds of which were sent from England. Do not be deluded into imagining that the two circular plots of green are the grass which you take them to be, and which they well represent. They are young oats, grown for appearance solely, grass flourishing poorly on so sandy a soil, unless copiously supplied with water. The carrots and turnips, although small, are by no means to be despised in a land where such things are hardly known; but the potatoes are never good—hard, waxy, and sweet. This, however,

is a minor evil, when you think of the rates at which the necessaries of life are to be purchased:—

	s.	d.	
Butter	0	5½	per pound.
Beef*	0	3½	„
Mutton	0	3	„
Cream	1	1	per quart.
Salmon	0	2½	per pound.
Coffee	0	10	„

Most of the other requisites of existence may be obtained, during the summer, at equally low rates; in the winter you cannot get such things as tea, coffee, sugar, &c., *at all*, unless you like to drive seven hundred miles in a sledge, and fetch them from Stockholm. Servants' wages are equally low, a housemaid receiving about £3 a year, and a cook pretty nearly the same; but then they expect to be well fed. For example: they have coffee when they get up in the morning, and they eat a very substantial breakfast at about eight o'clock; then they partake of coffee again at eleven, require a sumptuous dinner at about one, coffee once more in the afternoon, tea about six, and finally supper.†

* Meat is cheaper in the winter.

† The mode of hiring servants in Sweden is worthy of remark. On producing satisfactory evidence of character, abilities, &c., and having expressed her willingness to take the situation, the mistress offers to the maid a small present, four or five dollars, which the latter accepts, and the bargain is ratified by shaking hands. This ceremonial gone through, the servant is hired for one year, and if she break her engage-

Feeding is a great resource in Sweden for time-killing, and it tells much on the people, most of whom up here are rather ponderous. You rise in the morning and breakfast (in our case this was at nine), and your Swede dines in the middle of the day, but to this antique barbarity we were not reduced; our lunch was at one, coffee at four, dinner at seven, and tea was served at ten. Thus a great part of our time was occupied in meals; but the air is so wonderfully pure and exhilarating that one is seldom at a loss for an appetite, and as to tea late in the evening preventing your sleeping, or disturbing your dreams, we never gave a thought to such a thing. One or two was our usual bedtime, so that we got a regular allowance of six hours' sleep, and never desired more. The perpetual daylight makes one forget that it is really night, and repose appears rather a mistake than otherwise.

Owing to the peculiar situation of Luleâ, there is but one road from the town, which winds

ment she incurs a heavy penalty under the law of the land. At the end of the year the mistress, if she wish to retain the services of the servant, offers her another small present. If the maid accepts the present she is engaged for a further period of one year, but if she refuses it, it is equivalent to "giving warning," and she takes her departure. Similarly, if the mistress does not offer the dollars, the servant is to consider herself dismissed.

round the magnificent bay, and joins the high road running along the coast from Stockholm to Haparanda, upon the Torneå river, about three miles from the town; consequently there are few inducements to the inhabitants to indulge in pedestrianism. The only walk ever taken is round the bay to a hill called Mjölkoberg, on the north-north-east of the town, and the proper time to visit this mountain, as the people love to imagine it, is at sunset.

It was on the 18th of July that we sallied forth on this excursion, but we did *not* walk; we pulled over the bay in a small row-boat, landing at a very primitive pier on the opposite side. Our boat was a new arrival, having been built in Piteå, and having cost about three pounds! It was capitally built of pine, well painted, and measured some fourteen feet long, so that its price to its owner, our host, was about three hundred per cent. less than it would have been in England. Think of that, ye mariners of England!

Mjölkoberg is a bare rock of red granite, some ninety or a hundred feet high, rising directly out of a pine forest, which struggles to climb its inhospitable sides, but fails to find much footing in the hard and sterile stone. A devious and somewhat uncomfortable path winds from among

the trees to the bald summit of the hill, whence may be obtained a glorious view of the surrounding country. Owing to the peculiar formation of the land on the sea-shore, which is intersected or indented with creeks and bays and gulfs in every imaginable manner, the mountain seems to be surrounded by an infinity of islands, itself forming one of an archipelago. Such, however, is not absolutely the case, although there are a great number of islets springing, like oases in the desert, out of the brackish water of the Bothnian Gulf. Far away to the south you see the restless sea beating eternally the rock-bound coast; while on your right hand, over across the bay, the town seems hiding away from the fury of the waves, which in a great storm, such as often visits these shores, would dash almost over its entire area were it not protected by higher land; and to the north you look over the interminable forests of pine which stretch for miles inland. The sun has just gone down, dipped, as it were, behind the forest, and great sheets of effulgent crimson stretch up to the highest extent of the vast ethereal concavity, their brightness brilliantly reflected on the sparkling water, and even repeated on the far-off opposite horizon, until earth, sky, and water all seem one mass of

ruby, bright and lustrous as the pantomimic effects which delight the vision of the denizens of the "enchanted fairy-lands" that yearly figure on our stage. To appreciate the beauty of sunsets, such as one sees up in these northern latitudes, one must actually witness them—description cannot convey so vivid a picture to the mind's eye. They have, moreover, this charm—that while further in the south a sunset, however grand, is seen for but half an hour at the most, here they linger on for one, two, or three hours, and are only succeeded by the more brilliant, although not so gorgeous effect produced by the rising again of the great luminary of day.

Much is thought of the midnight sun, and travellers who happen to have seen it imagine that they have beheld one of the most beautiful effects that nature can produce. But it is a mistake. There are none of those grand and glorious tints cast upon the heavens when the sun is above the horizon, which appear when he has descended below. The sun at midnight is no doubt curious, and a thing well worthy a long journey to see; but for beautiful tints and glorious mysterious colourings, such as delight the soul of an artist, at the same time as they fill it with wonder, nothing can compare with a Lapland sunset. *Crede experto!*

CHAPTER IV.

Gammal-staden—"Try Lapland"—The Suicide's Grave—An Evening Party—Cold Steel—"Tacker för sist."

THE old town of Luleå, or Gammal-staden, as it is called out here, lies, I have before explained, some six or seven miles higher up the river than its more modern neighbour, and to reach it is one of the favourite drives from the new town. "Å" in Swedish, the equivalent of our "o," like which it is pronounced (the Swedish "o" being almost like English "u"), is one of the numerous words signifying a river; so that Luleå means actually Lule river, and the town itself is more correctly termed Lule, as which it mostly appears in legal documents, &c., the word Luleå being added to show that the town goes under both names. The old town was built in Gustaf II. Adolf's time, and, to quote the author of "*Lappland*," to whom I have before alluded, "received its privileges in 1621." At present it contains but few inhabitants and little of interest.

There is a very ancient church with a detached belfry, as have all churches higher up in Lapland, for what reason is uncertain—a good reason, let us presume, or the Italians would not have adopted it, and a campanile is common enough in Italy. There is a curious, because very antique, carved altar-piece in the church, and some old pictures, said to have been saved from the wreck of a ship which was carrying them to Russia: as works possessing some interest they no doubt are valuable, but, as works of art, I fear they would be regarded in a far different light. The churchyard was not well kept, although, being closed, it was not subject to be overrun and made a lounge or playground of, as are churchyards in some other Swedish towns which we visited—Sundsvall, for instance.

Most of the houses in the town are plain, uncoloured wood buildings of one story, little better than huts, and seemed to be for winter use only, as they were mostly shut up, their owners probably being away at their *ängs*, or outlying pasture-lands, or up on the fjells with the reindeer.

The matter of churchyards is in Luleå a delicate subject, for the people consider they have been sadly misrepresented by a recent visitor. The author of "Try Lapland" says:—

"The churchyard of Luleå had a decidedly neglected appearance—graves with their mounds hardly perceptible, and the wooden crosses lying on the ground or rotting away; *the sandy paths were covered with skulls and bones of all kinds*, which crunched and crackled under your feet as you walked along. They had, however, great difficulties to overcome, the whole island being nothing but shifting sand, which is driven about by every wind."

The Luleåites deny most positively and emphatically that bones or skulls ever lay about the yard, and also state that no crosses have ever been allowed to assume the recumbent; while I, for my own part, can affirm that a better kept God's-acre I did not see in Sweden. It is, I think, but fair to the inhabitants of Luleå to make this explanation, as probably, when the author of "Try Lapland" wrote this paragraph, he had in his mind's eye the churchyard of the *old* and not the *new* town.

While on the subject I will say a word or two more about this work. The author says, "Luleå is situated upon an island." It is not and never has been on an island, but stands on a peninsula. He further says, "It has neither prison, policeman, magistrate, nor soldier." Here, again,

I fancy reference must be intended to Gammal-staden, for Luleå contains a prison, a policeman, and a magistrate, while the governor is a soldier, although no troops are quartered in the town.

A few hundred yards from Gammal-staden is a mysterious little enclosure, about ten feet square, in a wild and desolate bit of waste land. It is surrounded by a rude railing, and has in its centre, over a little mound, a plain wooden cross —a cheerless thing to see. It is the grave of a suicide, the consecrated ground which forms the burial-place of the general community being denied to him who has perished by his own hand. On the whole of this road, perhaps, there is no other object which attracts the attention, and one returns to the new town refreshed with the drive through the wonderfully exhilarating atmosphere of the north, but not especially struck with the beauty of a track through stretches of pine forest and marshy pasture-lands, on which the small northern cattle are grazing, the only buildings on the way being a few sheds or barns. The wayside, however, teems with vegetable life, wholly or partially unfamiliar. Rare lichens and mosses, prominent among them the delicate, pale green reindeer moss, cover the stones and rocks, which are bare of other

herbage; wild flowers, which only the eye of a botanist can name, meet one in every direction; while the juniper, *lingon* (red bilberry), *hjörtron* (cloudberry), and other similar plants cluster over the ground in great luxuriance, bearing fruit in wonderful profusion. *Smultron*, the wild strawberry, does not flourish around Luleå, but a few miles higher up the river it is met with in great quantities.

The *hjörtron*, although commonly spoken of as the Arctic raspberry (*Rubus Arcticus*, the Dwarf Crimson Bramble), is not identical with that plant, which bears a purple fruit, almost as large, according to Linnæus, as a mulberry, and is to be found generally in the north of Europe. McDonald's "Gardener's Dictionary" describes the *hjörtron* under the name of Mountain Bramble, or Cloud Berry (*Rubus chamæmorus*)—it is known also as the knot-berry—in the following words: "It is a plant of an elegant appearance, with a creeping root, a simple stem, hardly a foot high, upright; mallow-like but smooth and hardish leaves, petioled, cordate, five-lobed, plaited, wrinkled, unequally serrate. The flowers terminal, peduncled, white; male and female, the former with short abortive pistils, the latter with abortive stamens. The berries are of a tawny or

dull orange colour, composed of many acini, acid, mucilaginous, and not unpleasant. It is a native of Sweden," &c.

Among the many peculiar customs of this quaint people, they ordain that morning calls shall be made in full evening dress; hence one must not be surprised to see men walking about the town at mid-day dressed as if they were going to an evening party. It is a strange conceit, but among a people who tell you that salt-spoons are antiquated and unfashionable, and who literally scout the idea of using sugar-tongs, on the plea that your own fingers cannot defile the sugar that is intended for your own tea, one is astonished at nothing. For a "soirée," as every evening assembly is termed, it is essential to wear a dress coat, but one need not be particular about the trousers—black, white, or grey—suit your own fancy, and you will be in the fashion. A bachelor party, to which we were invited while in Luleå, formed a very good example of a Swedish social assembly, and I think it merits a few words.

It was essentially a "social" gathering, and we "dropped in" after dinner, between eight and nine o'clock. From the hall we were shown direct into a large room, in which were two card-

tables—one devoted to whist, the other to a game which they told us was vingt-et-un—it certainly bore a resemblance to it—while a side-table contained punch and other national drinks, which presently were handed round. The Swedes are not a people given to extreme mirthfulness—hence the cards might be fairly characterized as slow; but then, on the other hand, the drinking was very fast, many glasses disappearing to the usual running accompaniment of "*Skål*," "*Ödmjukast tjenare*," and "*Stor det till, farbror;*" the first being "Your health," as previously explained; the second, "Your humble servant;" and the last, "How do, uncle?" Everybody is everybody else's uncle up here.

When the cards had ceased,* and the dollars, always in paper money, either lost or won, had been reckoned up, an adjournment was made for the purpose of supping, the host, Captain S., who is one of the principal men in the town, and the engineer to the New Gellivara Company, leading the way. Here, of course, a smörbord was set, with the usual schnapps and miniature dishes of cold meats, fish, cheese, &c., of which every one partook, having previously shaken

* Another extraordinary custom is, that the winners leave on the table a sum of money sufficient to pay for the pack of cards.

hands with the hostess, who stood at the head of the table, like a keeper at the Zoological Gardens, and watched the feeding process, egging on those who flagged with an occasional hospitable "*Var så god*,"* which signifies, "Don't stop as long as you can stick at it." After this more substantial viands were produced—a roast bird, veal cutlets, hot potatoes, and other similar comestibles—while bottled ale and jugs of milk were conveniently placed on a side table. Each person now, at the host's solicitation, took a plate and helped himself; then, like a dog retiring to his kennel to gnaw his bone in solitude, every one marched off to a seat either in this or the adjoining room. This custom of standing to eat, or retiring to an obscure corner to feed, shows very ill effects on the people in the way they manipulate their knife and fork, and the civilising influence of dining together is sadly apparent. Tom Hood said of the Germans that with them a knife was very appropriately termed "*messer*;" he might with even more reason have passed this stricture on the Swedes, for of all nations in Europe I never saw a people so barbarous in this respect. Who does not remember Thackeray's allusion in

* Pronounced "Var so goo," and meaning literally, "Be so good."

one of his inimitable "Roundabout Papers" to the individual who watched until his patience was exhausted, and he became infuriate, a wretch who ate peas with his knife? One literally trembles to see a Swede swallow, with the cool calmness of an Indian juggler, about four inches of cold steel, and actually appear to relish it! Fortunately Providence has not yet taught them the art of sharpening their knives, or one does not know what calamities might accrue. It is much to be regretted that a people so hospitable, so open, and so honest, should be in this respect so terribly barbarous; it would be far more decent, and many degrees more discreet, for them to adopt chop-sticks, for those they might swallow at discretion without endangering their lives or frightening on-lookers.

When the several guests had had a certain time to discuss the viands they had looted, and the war on the eatables began to wax less fast and furious, the worthy host, Captain S., took an *empty* plate in each hand, and went his way round from guest to guest, offering them a *plate*, and inviting them to help themselves to more from the table to which they had first paid their respects. Surely a custom so peculiar as this has not an equal in any country, at any rate in

Europe! Such as were not yet satisfied accepted a plate and left their seats to act waiter on themselves, and when even they were contented every guest shook hands with the hostess, and shortly afterwards a general adjournment took place. There is yet another peculiarity connected with Swedish social gatherings which is worthy of note. On meeting your entertainer the first time after having spent your evening at his house, it is etiquette to say, immediately after greeting him, "*Tacker för sist*," and to omit these words is a very flagrant breach of decorum. Their signification is, "Thanks for last," and is very much equivalent to "Thank you very much for that little affair the other night, and the sooner you invite me again the better."

CHAPTER V.

Trip to Selet—The Swedish Gig—Avenue of Beeches—Overturned—Trip to Finnklipporna—A novel Refrigerator and a pleasant Lunch—Salute the *Haparanda*—Water-lilies.

ONE of the most pleasant excursions that can be made in the neighbourhood of Luleå is to Selet, a village lying to the south-west of the town, in a beautiful valley watered by a small river, the Ale, which works a large saw-mill, giving occupation to many of the villagers.

It was a glorious morning when we made this very agreeable trip, the almost too powerful sun tempered by a cooling breeze from over the sea: there is, indeed, seldom a lack of breeze up at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. The *Gellivara*, a small paddle-steamer, a little larger than the passenger-boats plying on the Thames, goes up the river to the foot of the first fall twice a week, at nine o'clock in the morning; and it was by this boat we had to travel a portion of the way. She is the property of the "New Gellivara Company" (whence her name). This company,

which, although of some years' standing, seems only now to be making a paying concern of its property, the heavy sums which it paid to the "old" company having hampered its movements for some time, owns a vast property of a million and a quarter acres of land, mostly covered with forests of pine and fir, the exportation of wood being the company's chief concern. In addition, however, to this means of wealth-accumulating, there are also on the estate several metal mountains, one of so wonderfully rich a nature that it produces ore containing eighty per cent. of pure iron. Unfortunately this extraordinarily rich treasure is in a remote and wild locality; hence it cannot be worked with that ease which the company would desire. The author of "*Om Skandinavien och dess Inbyggare*," writing at a period before the company had leased the mountain from the king, who worked the mines himself for some time, says with reference to the Gellivára Malmberg, "A railway to Gellivara would in time produce to the kingdom an extraordinary profit" ("*utomordentlig vinst*"). It is indeed obvious that an easy means of transit is the only desideratum, and that vast returns must follow as a matter of necessity, seeing the high price that Swedish iron at all times commands.

The *Gellivara* is commanded by a worthy Swede, who talks very excellent English. He is the husband of his third wife, and the happy parent of twenty-two children. It is to be imagined that after having exhausted the vocabulary of Swedish Christian names, such as Olof, Marie, Sophie, Eric, Josef, Greta, and the like, he was fairly beaten for another; and to show his attachment to the company, his employers, at the same time as he helped himself out of a difficulty, he christened one of his sons "Gellivara," and the last "LIMITED!!" There is a sort of satire, which no doubt the worthy man understood and appreciated, in calling the twenty-second child by this peculiarly inappropriate name.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when our steamer drew up alongside the wharf at Afvan, where we were to disembark, after having manfully buffeted the stream, which comes down over the shoals and rapids with great force. Here we were in one of the best cultivated districts in the north, a school of agriculture having its practising ground in the neighbourhood of Afvan; and certainly the crops of barley and oats had a peculiarly flourishing appearance, even to the eye of one unversed in such matters. From this

place Selet lay inland about seven miles, to cover which we required some conveyance, the native gig, called *chäs*, being the only thing available. Now our party consisted of five, two of those being ladies, and the greatest number of gigs which the village could produce was two; hence we had a little difficulty, for each vehicle will only contain a couple of persons in addition to the driver, who sits in an abnormal and terribly uncomfortable position in front of the apron, almost on the passengers' feet. We could not leave one of our number behind, so we had no alternative but to cram three people into a machine never intended to hold more than two; and this we contrived to do.

The Swedish chäs is comfortable enough when you can procure good cushions for the seat; even then it cannot be compared with the carriole of the neighbouring state; but without cushions, over a bad road—saints protect us! It consists of a rough cart, perfectly flat, with a bulwark, as it were, of about six inches high, above which is swung, on very good springs, a seat resembling the seat of an ordinary gig. There is just room for two people, and for a little luggage beneath, so that to put three persons into this limited space is a problem; but we did it, and we drove seven

miles over a road which was not entirely guiltless of ruts, some of them ten inches or so deep, and which would have been improved if some of the larger stones, say those over five inches in diameter, which plentifully strewed the way, had been removed. I was unfortunate enough to be one of the three going to Selet. I will make no other allusion to the comforts of that ride! It was impossible for all three to sit on the seat; you could not stand up behind; if you sat in the bottom of the cart you lost the benefit of the springs supporting the seat, while, moreover, your knees were ever and anon brought into violent collision with the woodwork above them; and if you sat beside the driver, with your legs dangling over the shaft, it was like sitting on the edge of a table turned on its side, or the sharp top of a chair-back; but perhaps it was the least disagreeable mode of the three.

Up hill and down dale, at first we saw nothing but pine forest and hills beyond. Then the landscape opened out, the trees were less prominent, and the hills retreated further in the distance, willows, birches, and a few other light-foliaged trees breaking the monotony of the perpetual dark, sombre firs. Presently the road wound up the hill, passing along its side, and giving us

a fine view over the valley below, through which the Ale had its course—here a narrow stream, there broadened into a lake, on whose surface beautiful water-lilies luxuriated—to the hills in the north, which looked black and frowning, but stood out so distinctly in the crisp, mistless atmosphere, that their outline was not lost even at their base, where one is accustomed to see a blue, mysterious vapour in English landscapes. Another mile and we were past the busy saw-mill, down in the valley, fed by the brawling water of the little river, the hills on our left increasing in height the further we went, their sides clothed with a diversity of wood—beech, asp, fir, aspen, pine, and willow intermingled in a wild profusion which was very picturesque. Further on the hills drew nearer together, contracting the limits of the valley very visibly, and after passing through a fine avenue of beeches, about three or four hundred yards in length, we were at Selet—so small a village that one had to look round and wonder if we were there or not, or whether we were simply stopping on the way at a place so unpretentious as not to deserve the name of village. But there is no mistake, for we alight and enter the house of one of the Gellivara Company's inspectors, where we are

invited to partake of coffee and a sort of half-developed pancake, fried in a mould, and called "woffler" (I am not quite certain of the orthography, never having met the word in print). Then out again to see the iron-works, now ceased to work, and to stand on the little bridge, beneath which the river dashes with tremendous fury and force, the mill-dam being open and the water allowed its own way. Our contemplation of nature is, however, cut short by a shower, and we retreat for shelter to the house, from the window of which we obtain a most charming view down the river winding away through the valley and among the hills, here lapping the bare rock, there lost in a luxuriance of foliage springing from the very water. So soon as the shower ceases the horses are put to, and off we go again helter-skelter along the road back to Afvan, at a pace which seems to threaten instant dissolution to the cranky chäs. Through the avenue, up the hill, down the opposite slope, along a level road, all at an equal pace until we are in sight of the wharf, where we are to meet the *Gellivara* at a little after four o'clock; and then we two in the foremost gig are pulled up short by a shout behind us, and looking round, we see the other vehicle on its side, the horse

struggling to free itself, and the three who had been occupants of the chäs sprawling on the ground, while the rascally boy who has been driving, and has wilfully brought about this mishap, stands by rubbing himself and feeling for bruises. Our driver, who is apparently well accustomed to a spill, and by no means surprised, says it is *ingenting* (nothing); but we go back to pick up the ruins. Fortunately a bruise or two and a shake are the worst consequences, and the spillees are inclined to laugh at the occurrence—of course abusing the spiller, and explaining that his propensity for driving over stones has been the cause of the overturn, his last attempt at a stone a foot high having been too much for the endurance of even a Swedish gig.

As we get down on the wharf our steamer comes in sight, and we are soon again on board, and back once more in Luleå in time for dinner, a thing by no means ungrateful after a day in the open air, and a lunch of a very homœopathic character.

Ten days later (29th July) we made an excursion equally, if not vastly more, pleasant than this, but of a rather different nature, and in a directly opposite direction. The group of islands situated at the mouth of the Luleå river, and

called Finnklipporna,. I have already alluded to. It was to one of these we intended making a visit; and to aid us the services of the *Gellivara* were again brought into requisition. When we started, directly after breakfast, the heat of the sun was so great that the awning was an absolute necessity on board the boat, to afford protection from its rays. We were going to colonise the island, and certain picnic arrangements were therefore necessary. A hamper had been packed, and was on board; and we took with us a couple of servants, who were to prepare a lunch while we roamed over the new colony. Our guns also we had brought, to try for a stray bird, although it was early yet, ducks being about the only things to be shot.

A steam of about an hour brought us to the islands, when we went ashore in small boats, directing the captain of the *Gellivara* to call for us at six o'clock in the afternoon. Our friend Captain S. was of the party, as business was, in a certain measure, combined with pleasure; and he was going to make a survey of the island on which we landed, the Gellivara Company being about to erect a large steam saw-mill there, and to establish a wood depôt on a neighbouring island. The company, it is to be presumed, had

obtained the lease of these two islands on somewhat easy terms, if we may reason by analogy; for Captain S. told us he had purchased the *freehold* of an island not five hundred yards away, which must have had an area of two or three acres, for *a dollar and a half*—about one shilling and eightpence!

The little patch of land on which we found ourselves was perhaps one hundred yards long, by about three-quarters that breadth. It might have been larger; I am only making a guess, and speaking from memory. The soil was thin, poor, and sandy, innumerable stones, some of them vast blocks six or seven feet square, strewing the surface; and as they were the fine red granite which abounds in the neighbourhood, a more eligible spot for building could not have been chosen, materials thus lying ready at hand. Small fir, birch, and mountain-ash trees covered the greater portion of the island, while a fine growth of scrub entangled the bases of the larger trees, and a profusion of blue-bells, and not a few wild strawberries and hjörtron, took advantage of the otherwise unappropriated ground. A small hut, unoccupied save for three or four young goats and a few sheep, which made it a sleeping-place, stood at one end of the island, where a fire was

at once lighted and preparations made for certain culinary operations.

Ice we had not brought with us, so that we had to devise a refrigerator for the soda-water, Luleå Bass, cream, and other things improved by coolness. This was a difficulty, however, easily overcome by building a dam, which was achieved by floating a log of wood across a tiny cove, securing both its ends with large stones, and then, after depositing the bottles in the water, covering them over with boughs cut from the asp and birch trees growing down to the water's edge. The result of this experiment was most excellent, as was testified by the vast approval shown later on of the "soda and b." and "bitter."

The resources of the island were rapidly exhausted, its every blade of grass soon being known, and each recess and cranny explored. Lunch, however, spread in a little leafy nook, protected from the rays of the sun by the clustering foliage overhead, formed an admirable means of occupying an hour; and by the time that was ended the day was wearing away. Then we got a boat ready, and were on the point of embarking for the neighbouring island, when the beat of a paddle in the distance became apparent

to our ears, borne in on the clear atmosphere very audibly. Our own steamer was not yet due; moreover, the sound came from the opposite direction; hence we knew that it must proceed from the *Haparanda*, one of the direct boats, due that day, on her voyage northward from Stockholm to Luleå. As she came up abreast of the island we fired a salute, and she, in return of the compliment, ran up her ensign; while her captain and passengers, clustering on the bridge to see the cause of this somewhat unusual occurrence, waved hats and handkerchiefs in that frantic manner which characterizes the Swede. To this we responded in like fashion, and a flourish of cambric was kept up until the *Haparanda* was lost round the point.

The island to which we now pulled was twice or three times as large as that we had left, more thickly covered with trees, which also were bigger, and having in its centre a large lake, on whose surface were growing the most beautiful water-lilies, some of which, after much trouble and at the expense of wet feet, we managed to obtain. They were very fine, something resembling the *Victoria regia* in form, and with a handsome red and yellow centre. Although Pettersson, in his work on Lapland, refers to

many of the flora, I do not find any mention of this lily, and its name is not familiar to me. A few wild ducks flew up from the water in the island, but we did not shoot any, as our guns remained on the island we had just left, with other traps, ready to be taken on board the *Gellivara*. There was little now to be seen; and, after a brief stroll over the islet, we embarked once more, and returned by our steamer to Luleå in time for dinner.

The bay was smooth enough now as we steamed over it, but with a strong wind blowing down the water from the west, it becomes so rough as to be dangerous for a small boat. On one occasion, in crossing from Luleå to Gäddvik, we were overtaken by a heavy fall of rain, accompanied by a high breeze, which curled the water up into such tall waves that we had some difficulty in getting safely to land again, and were obliged to give up the attempt to return by water, driving home by the road round the bay. The cause of this exceptional roughness is very apparent. The wind drives the water of the bay across into a sort of arm of the river, where, meeting the powerful current coming down, the two forces are opposed, and a heavy sea is the result.

CHAPTER VI.

Start for Quickjock—Difficulties in the Way—The Seven—Large Preparations—The Luleå River—Magnificent Scenery at Svartlå—Edefors and its Falls—Floating Timber—Storbacken—Swedish Independence—Commence the Land Journey.

HAVING come thus far, it was not my intention to return to England without seeing some of the more beautiful scenery than the neighbourhood of Luleå presents, which is to be found up in Lapland. The journey up to Quickjock is a favourite one for this part of the country, although very few Swedes travel thither in the course of a year; still it is a recognised tour, and one could not think of leaving the vicinity without accomplishing it. There is another inducement to go up the country held out by the people; that is, to see the largest waterfall in Europe, as every one assures you is the great fall Njommelsaska, on the upper Luleå river. But, for one cause or another, I had delayed my visit to Lapland; and now I was in fear that I should have to go alone, since my two friends in Luleå

were unable to accompany me—one from press of business, the other from inability to undergo the fatigues of walking, the remains of an attack of rheumatism still lingering about him. It was now the end of July, and I could delay no longer, for in another month I was compelled to be back in London. What could I do in this strait? To travel alone would be miserable in so thinly populated a district, and the only alternative seemed to be to take with me a "*tolk*," an individual whose ostensible duty is that of interpreter, but who actually clears the way of all other difficulties as well as the linguistic. Fortunately "Herr Disponenten" (Mr. Manager), solved the difficulty for me by allowing one of the clerks from the office to accompany me—a course to which that young gentleman had no manner of objection, as, in addition to a ten days' holiday, he had a trip to country which was as new to him as to me, and all without any expense falling on his pocket. He was a most gentlemanly and agreeable companion, and added much to the enjoyment of the journey.

Thus far difficulties were overcome; but all preparations made, another obstacle was thrust in the way. On the same day as we had fixed to start, a party of seven Swedes also had

arranged to go, who, having written up the country to engage horses, it was averred that we should be unable to procure any, since, in this respect, the resources of the district are very limited. Here was a pretty turn for affairs to take.

I was determined, however, and I paid no heed to warning voices, which said, "Stop in Luleå, for you cannot travel without horses."

"Horses or no horses, I will go," said I; "and I will be back again in ten days."

This assertion met with laughter.

"It is impossible," cried every one. "You could not get to Quickjock and back in the time."

"But I *will*," I persisted; "and I will go to Njommelsaska as well."

"Walk over fifty English miles in addition! The thing is utterly impossible!"

"We shall see," said I.

The Swede has no notion of rapid travelling; hence my determination was looked upon as rather insane. Time pressed, however, and I went, fully resolved on being back in Luleå in time to catch the boat leaving for Stockholm on the 11th of August.

My preparations had consisted in providing, in

the first place, a suitable pair of boots for crossing marshes or undertaking any other especially damp walking; in procuring a mosquito veil; and in obtaining food for the journey, as most of the provisions furnished by the peasants are not especially palatable to a foreigner.

The boots were a marvellous triumph of art, made to order in Luleå, had toes turned up to a hook at the point, and reached above the knee; but they were gloriously comfortable. This is a copy of the bill sent in by the maker, as original as the style of the boots:—

"Här är de stöflorna som var beställda och priset är Rmt. Rxd. 10.
"C. A. Baudin.
"Quitteras—C. A. Baudin."

("Here are the boots that were ordered, and the price is 10 dollars.")

The veil was a curtain, more correctly speaking, made to fit over the hat and fall down all round the head sufficiently far to be buttoned inside the coat; and the provisions—which I regretted not having brought with me from London, as no preserved meats could be obtained out here—consisted of two reindeer tongues and an ox tongue, a long Swedish sausage, a quire or so of knäckebröd (it looks like brown paper, but is, of course, ten times as thick), some cake, a small plum-pudding, two flasks of brandy, a bottle of

claret, a packet of tea, and some schnapps for the boatmen, as we were going beyond the limit at which the government allows spirit to be sold. These goods were packed in a "kont," a sort of large knapsack made of birch-bark, the carrying of which the natives understand better than a portmanteau; and, of course, with them were also some spare articles of clothing, handkerchiefs, and other necessaries of a ten days' trip.

On the 1st of August, at nine o'clock in the morning, we went on board the *Gellivara*, which steamed off immediately up the stream, my travelling companion, Herr H., having his own traps in a "natt-säck," or carpet-bag. There were a goodly number of passengers, among them the party of Swedes who had ordered all the horses, and whom I consequently regarded as my natural enemies.

The first portion of the Luleå river is not striking, the banks being low and sandy; but the scenery soon changes, the river narrows considerably, the hills approach nearer to the water, and forests of fir spring almost from the river's brink. A little further, and the view is most picturesque, the stream winding among islands clothed with a profusion of birch-trees, and lapping on either side tall cliffs that rise high above,

parts of their sides covered with fir, pine, and birch, intermingled in a beautiful chaos of varying shades of green, the dark predominating, and contrasting with the almost pea-green of the willows, which hang gracefully in imitation of the even more graceful birches. Then we become suddenly aware of the distant murmur of rapids, and in a few more moments are at Robäck, and moored under the steep cliff that rises forty or fifty feet above us, and is ascended by a flight of steps made in its side. This is the foot of the first fall, or series of falls, and the *Gellivara* can go no further; her day's work is done. Thus at half-past twelve we find ourselves ashore on the sandy bank, having leaped out first to secure a gig to drive to the head of the rapids, and, if possible, forestall the Swedish seven.

We have seven miles to go to the head of the falls, and we cannot get a horse! This is check number one. As the first part of the seven drive away they grin sardonically; but we are not beaten yet. Another gig appears which is not bespoken, and off we go, before the whole of the "adverse pernicious enemy" have found their drivers.

Such a road as we have to drive over! Sandy, heavy, and full of deep ruts, over which our

crazy vehicle jolts terribly; at first under the brow of a tall conical mountain, standing like a black sentinel at the river-side, then through a forest of fir, until at the end of an hour we espy the pier at Hednoret, and the little steamer *Hedensforss* lying ready to embark us. Adieu to this indescribably awful track, misnamed a road, and welcome cheery steamboat.

But we have some time before us yet, for the *Hedensforss* does not start until four o'clock, while it is now only about two. However, in strolling through the little village and its environs the time soon goes, and the whistle of the steamer reminds us that she is about to commence her journey. The steam is up, her whistle sounds again, and we hurry on board; a third time her whistle blows, the warp is cast off, and away she puffs, her little screw carrying her well against the current, which rushes down with great force before it dashes foaming over the falls that we in our drive have avoided.

Now we are coming in for more fine scenery, and in two hours and a half, when we arrive at Svartlå and moor up alongside the pier, the river has become as fine as any view the Rhine can boast. But there comes one of the inspectors of the Gellivara Company to invite us up to his

house for two purposes: first, that we may see the splendid view over the river; secondly, that he may exercise the rites of hospitality, so sacred in the heart of a Swede. He has a fine, handsome house at the top of the hill, and from a balcony in its front the stretch of country seen is surprisingly picturesque. The village, with its saw-mills, stands at the confluence of the Svartlå and Luleå rivers; the former a meandering stream coming down from the mountains and adding its volume to the latter, which here is wide and powerful. Far away to the south the larger river may be seen winding among the hills which rise from its edge, magnificent pasture-lands, rich in verdure as the earliest tints of spring, at their base, while their summits are clothed with the never-ending olive-green pines. Here and there a birch-covered island rises from the water, the graceful trees stooping towards the shimmering river, and even occasionally half submerged, as the treacherous soil is yielding to their weight.

But one's contemplation of the beauties of nature is interrupted by the chink of glasses, and a voice at one's elbow saying, "Var så god."

Punch, of course, is the order of the day, and we drink *skål* to one another:

"Do you like the national beverage?" inquires a tall Upsalan professor, one of "the seven," in Swedish.

"Yes," I reply, "very much; but it would be better with less sugar."

Then my interlocutor essays English, well aware to what nation I belong; but he makes an apology for not speaking it fluently, explaining that "he is out of tune," as if I had mistaken him for a musical instrument.

"Var så god" again, but it is not more punch; this time wild strawberries and cream (smultron med grädde) and coffee are what we are invited to partake of—both very excellent, and very welcome also, for we had had nothing since lunch at twelve o'clock on board the *Gellivara*.

The Upsalan professor having aired his English, a thing which a Swede never loses an opportunity of doing, an Upsala student, who accompanies him, follows his example. The youth talks much better than his preceptor, and we hold a very pleasant conversation, he detailing his travels through Finland and the district about the Torneå river; and so the hour for stopping is soon gone, and we return to the *Hedensforss*.

The evening is very chilly on the water, an

overcoat and rug being both necessary to keep up the circulation. The river loses some of its grandeur here, although the banks are still high and rugged; and we are not sorry when eleven o'clock comes, and our little steamer pulls up at Edefors, at the foot of the second fall, the roar of which thunders higher up the stream.

The view at this place is again very fine, the hills having increased in height, and a long tortuous path winds from the pier to their summit, on which the village stands. Up at once to the gästgifvaregård; and while supper is preparing we stroll through the woods to the fall, distant two or three hundred yards. Over the sandy track from Robäck to Hednoret we had become aware that the inhabitants of the forest had found us out. I do not allude to the bears or reindeer, but to the never-to-be-too-much-anathematized mosquitoes, those atrocious bloodthirsty little pests that feed on you until they die of a surfeit. Here they had thickened in numbers perceptibly, and it was constantly necessary to drive them away: thanks to the chilliness of the evening, they were only in small companies yet, not in *clouds*. The fall is pretty and tremendously noisy, but is small and unimportant, not perhaps having a clear drop of more than ten or fifteen

feet; still it is worth the walk to see. As we retraced our steps the moon was rising, and the little village looked deliciously romantic in the mysterious light, which was neither daylight, twilight, nor moonlight, the lingering rays of the sun still remaining on the opposite horizon as the "monarch of day" crept along under the shadow of the hills.

After a modest supper off a very excellent young duck we retired to our beds, not especially sorry to rest, and rather glad of the indoor warmth, for the outer atmosphere was extremely chilly.

Although we were up at five o'clock on the following morning, or rather the same morning, for we did not get to bed until past twelve, the industrious mosquito was before us, greeting our first appearance with the music of his voice. It was a glorious morning, clear and bright, not so much as a speck of *cirrus* flecking the pure surface of the sky, which shone above us brilliantly blue. After a slight breakfast we started, a cart carrying our baggage, towards Ede, which is at the top of the fall, half an hour's walk distant. The road through the forest is very beautiful, the roar of the rapids and falls always sounding in one's ears, while ever and anon one catches glimpses

through the trees of the foaming waters boiling and dashing over the rocks.

There is a steamer going higher up the river, but as it only leaves in case sufficient freight is forthcoming to justify the journey, it is not wise to depend on its motions. It should have gone this morning at seven o'clock, but having no cargo the journey was postponed, and we had to fall back on a rowing-boat. These two small steamers, the *Hedensforss*, by which we had travelled, and the *Edeforss*, which was quietly lying at the pier, both belong to the Gellivara Company, to which they return something like fifteen per cent. profit, we were informed.

Being aware that the *Edeforss* would not make a journey this morning, we had ordered a small boat to be in readiness for us; consequently, when we got down to the river bank, there was our craft, and the rowers were airing themselves close by. It was a remarkably light canoe, with high prow and stern, the seat consisting of a loose board placed across, and the rowers, two in number, sitting, one in the bow, the other in the stern facing him, his duty being to steer as well as pull. The stream comes down here with tremendous force, bringing with it great timbers, which are cast in the water to float down as best

they may, until they have shot the falls, when they are gathered into rafts and guided down by long spade-shaped oars to Luleå or Gäddvik.

As we made our way up the stream the surrounding scenery was very beautiful. High banks rose on either side of the river, the trees growing down to the water's edge, and in some places, where the ground had been undermined by the action of the stream, toppling over into the flood, which soon tore them from their flimsy hold on the treacherous soil, and bore them bodily away. Tiny villages here and there dotted the bank, one of them consisting of a small house inhabited by an old man said to have passed his eightieth year; rather lonely, one would fancy, for the old gentleman in the winter, when the sun rises at about ten and sets again at one o'clock. It was a long and arduous row, but the sturdy Swedes stuck at it manfully, once on the way changing ends in the boat for a relief, but with this one exception taking no rest until, after four hours, we arrived at Storbacken (the great hill), a flourishing village at the confluence of the upper and lower Luleå rivers, consisting of two houses and a few barns and sheds. The scenery here is very grand, but wondrously wild, the tall hills rising direct from the river's

brink on either side, and being covered with pine and fir forests, relieved here and there by birch, and occasionally mountain ash.

Not sorry to step ashore—for to sit for four hours on a deal board, without any rest for the back, is rather fatiguing—we went at once up to the nearest house to try our chances for a horse. Our rowers came up to be paid, receiving for this tremendous pull four dollars and a half—little enough for such a distance, against so tremendously powerful a current; it was the full "taxa," however, which is at the rate of a dollar per man per mile Swedish, equal to about six and two-thirds English miles, or about twopence per mile English. We gave the boatmen a glass of pomerans each—a little under half a pint—which they took down without a wink, and then, with a "tacker ödmjukast" (thank you humbly) and a shake of the hands, we parted. In Sweden you must shake hands with everybody—your boatman, your cabman, your domestic servants, even beggars! In England we see sufficient of the practice; in Sweden it is certainly overdone. But this opinion may arise from insular prejudice perhaps. There is, however, no doubt that it is far preferable to shake hands with the beggar you relieve, as if you both were men, at any rate, than

to have a fawning wretch shuffle after you whining, "Thank you, kind gentleman. Heaven bless you!" I presume that the fact of the feudal system never having obtained in the Scandinavian peninsula accounts, in a measure, for the independence of manner which the people display; they are most certainly very "free and easy." In France your waiter showers on you a "M'sieu" to every few words, while in Italy the lower orders make every one "Milord" or "Eccellenza;" even the boorish Germans address you as "Mein Herr;" but nothing of this sort is seen in Sweden—every one is equal, no social superiority being apparently recognised in this respect. Which is preferable, a servile, cringing deference, or an open and manly independence?

Our inquiry for a horse was met with a rejoinder that they were quite ready ("fyra stycken"), and promptly they appeared—four gigs and four horses! These good people had imagined that the *Edefors* would have made her journey, bringing up the party of seven about an hour before we arrived; but they had reckoned without their host. Here was an opportunity for us. Supposing we had said that unavoidable accident had delayed the seven, and that they could not come!—four horses would

then have been at our disposal. Herr H. was horrified at the bare mention of such a thing. Take away the horses intended for a "landhöfding" and his party! Unheard of!

"Is there another horse to be obtained?" I inquired.

"No, not another within twenty miles."

"What, then, are we to do?"

"Jag vet inte." (I don't know.)

A Swede never knows anything; but in this instance he might have *guessed* that we were, as the Yankees say, "up a tree," and that a pretty tall one, too, it struck me.

An immense amount of talk and argument induced the drivers to understand that seven people could ride in three gigs. "That's safe," said they. The seven had gone from Robäck to Hednoret in only three gigs.

"It is probable that if all four horses stop here to take up the party, *one* of them may not find a job."

This settled the thing.

"Ja-så-å-å!" drawled two or three of drivers.

"There's Isaac Isaacson's horse," suggested one of them, after some hesitation.

"Jo, bewahs!" chimed in the others.

"And where is Isaacson?"

"Up at Vuollerim."

"And his horse too?"

"Nay, his horse and gig are here."

A little more talk, and it was arranged that we should take this horse and gig, calling in at Vuollerim for its owner, who, no doubt, would take us on as far as Pajerim. This was a step on the way at any rate, and at length H. and I got into the trap and drove off. If we could only succeed in finding other horses, of which there was no doubt, we should get to Jockmock at about five o'clock in the afternoon; but Jockmock is thirty miles from Storbacken.

There is a capital road here cut through the pine forest in almost a straight line nearly all the way, but almost entirely uphill. On your left hand you see the hills sloping upwards, on your right hand the reverse is the case, and at their foot the lower Luleå river, the course of which we were to follow, rushes foaming along in shoals, rapids, and cascades over its rocky bed, while beyond another range of pine-clad hills rises up between the two branches of the river. A grand and glorious drive!

Three or four miles passed, and we turn in close beside a small lake covered with the same

magnificent water-lilies as we had gathered at Finnklipporna, pass a few scattered barns and outhouses, and arrive at a small farm. This is Vuollerim; but there is no sign of life.

Simultaneously appear, from the house an old woman, and from the barn a man who turns out to be the very Isaac Isaacson we are seeking.

"Is he going to Pajerim? and will he take us in his gig?"

"Jo, bewahs," he replies; and we learn that he is using his favourite expression—"bewahs" (most certainly).

This is what we desired; so off we go again, Isaac, who is a small dark man, with long black hair, one moment running beside us, the next riding up behind tiger fashion.

In about an hour we are up at Pajerim.

CHAPTER VII.

Pajerim without a Horse—Start again—The Mosquito—Kåskats, and again no Horse—Forward once more—Swedish Driving—Reindeer—Smäs—An old Lapp and two young ditto—Dangerous Waters—Jockmock at last.

PAJERIM is the best station on the journey up to Quickjock, being vastly superior to Edefors, the last place at which the law permits the sale of spirit. There is a good gästgifvaregård, which I have already explained is the equivalent of an inn. The Swedes have a wonderful trick of contracting their words in speaking, which is very puzzling when first one hears the language; for instance, the long word above is pronounced "Yestyegord." "G" before e, i, y, ä, ö, is like "y" in English, which gives a very soft and musical sound to the language, of which the Swedes are proud, comparing their tongue to the Italian for ease of pronunciation or enunciation, and consequent adaptability to music. Going up the country; one does not much perceive the luxuriance of this station; but on returning, it

presents a very striking contrast to the places one has left. It boasts even a newspaper—a fortnight old, certainly, but still a newspaper.

It is time now for lunch, so we order a light refection, and then make inquiries after a horse.

You might offer a dozen kingdoms for a horse here, and still have your kingdoms on hand. They tell us the same as we had heard at Storbacken, "No horse within twenty miles."

This is cheerful.

"You have come a long distance, Mr. Isaacson," we say, with a diplomatic interest in his welfare.

"Bewahs!" he answers; "and my horse too."

"Ah! but a fine horse like that is not tired with such a run. He's a splendid animal."

We should call the animal a pony in England, but no horses are large up here.

"That's certain," says Isaac. "I wouldn't sell him under three hundred dollars."

"Perhaps he could take us a little further; we should be certain to find another horse at Kåskats."

"Jag vet inte," says Isaac drily.

We must try him on another tack.

"You must be hungry, Isaacson."

"That's certain," he replies.

Thereupon we order a dinner for our master of the horse, and retire to our own lunch.

Half an hour later, when Isaac is refreshed and made more good-natured by having dined, we try him again, when, after a little demurring, he consents to take us on to Kåskats. What can we do? There is no other horse to be obtained, and we positively *must* get forward; it is three o'clock now, and Jockmock, where we were to have been about five or six, is twenty miles away. So, with the same plucky little horse, we once more set forward up the hilly road, through the never-ending pine forest. We shall be in Jockmock by seven, if all goes well.

But then all does not go well. We arrive at Kåskats in good time, only to hear the old story —not a horse to be had for any consideration. This is terribly annoying; moreover, it is intensely hot, and the further we go the more numerous become the mosquitoes.

The great Swedish naturalist Læstadius thus discourses of these pleasant little visitors, which he calls "Lappmark's* land-plague:"—

"The mosquitoes are principally of three

* Swedish Lapland is divided into three districts, Piteå Lappmark, Luleå Lappmark, and Torneå Lappmark, taking their names from the three great rivers watering them.

kinds, viz.: 1. The mosquito (*mygg*) in the truest sense of the word, called 'long-nose' (*Culex pipiens*), known as well for its sticking bite as its blasphemous (försmädliga) song. It makes its appearance in the latter part of June, stops the whole of July, and begins to grow scarce in August. 2. *Knott* (*Culex reptans*) appears in the beginning of the dog-days, and holds out nearly the whole of the month. The knott always keeps close to the ground, and willingly creeps under your clothing. One is always free from them in the house. 3. *Hya* or *Gnadd* (*Culex pulicaris*) is the least, and comes last. One hardly knows when he bites, but the bite is followed by an itching swelling.—Truly mosquitoes are a tremendous nuisance to man and beast, and a great hindrance to work. And who yet has discovered their utility in Nature's great and wise economy?"

The Lapps do not appear to object especially to these terrible insects; but they torment the Swedes very much, who smear their hands and faces with a mixture of tar and cream, to keep them away.

But we are at Kåskats, and there are not sufficient mosquitoes to justify so long a digression. Three men, two children, and a dog regard

us attentively, but offer no assistance. Meanwhile, Isaac has taken his horse from the shafts, and the quiet animal is browsing before the house.

To the inhabitants, no doubt, Kåskats is a charming place; but the idea of waiting there until the morrow is by no means cheering to the mind of the stranger. The track to the village leads down a sloping, grassy way from the road, and close at hand is a beautiful little lake, no doubt teeming with fish. There may be two houses in the place; but it is hard to say how many the "by" consists of, on account of the great number of sheds, barns, and outhouses scattered round. The industrious inhabitants have been cutting the grass, and there it is, hanging up to dry for winter fodder, on a sort of gigantic trellis-work made of large poles. These good folks have truly to make hay while the sun shines.

H., my travelling companion, who is as guiltless of English as Isaac himself, suggests to me in German, in order that the latter may not understand, that perhaps our friend might be induced to take us further with the same horse. It appears—in fact, he had already revealed as much to us—that he is going on to Smäs, where

is his home, and perhaps the horse would as soon have us in the gig as not—such a fine animal!

"Well, perhaps if we went very slowly," says Isaac; and we knew our point was gained. Kâskats lies about midway between Storbacken and Smäs, which is a sort of suburb, consisting of one house and two barns, to Mattisudden, on the opposite side of the river; and Mattisudden is about five miles, as the crow flies, from Jockmock. We had already come about twelve miles on the road, and we did not consider that double that distance was too much for so plucky a horse as had brought us thus far; nor did Isaac, or he would never have consented to take us.

A short rest, and the horse was put in the shafts again, and off we went once more, but not so fast as before.

Jockmock at six o'clock? Well, perhaps eight or nine, as we had been so unfortunate. We had not dined, be it remembered, and one gets a vast appetite up in this invigorating atmosphere. Never mind, we could obtain something at Jockmock; and if we arrived at eight o'clock, it would not be too late to dine. Thus we consoled ourselves.

There was an Englishman out here fishing.

He had dined with us one day in Luleå the week before, and him I expected to find at Jockmock, having seen his card at Edefors with the latter address on it. We might be in time to dine together—we *might*.

Noble steed as we had got, it yet required some inducements to go. Your Swedish driver talks to his horse in an extraordinary language, uttering the most diabolical cries and noises. To make the animal start in the first instance, you jerk the reins up, bringing them down smartly on the horse's back; then he begins a walk. To hasten his movements, you make a peculiar sound, resembling nothing heard in a civilised land, by drawing in the under lip and pressing the upper on it; then, by suddenly opening them again, a sort of air-pump arrangement takes place, and a report follows, as inelegant as it is unmusical. If this is not sufficiently satisfactory, you can open your mouth wide, and by suddenly closing it again, and at the same time endeavouring to utter a sound something resembling "H'p," produce a sort of scream, which your horse fully comprehends. There are a dozen other yelling sounds, which it would be fruitless to endeavour to describe. The former process has been compared

to the noise produced in drawing a cork, but the resemblance is very slight. To make the animal stop, you utter a sharp "P-r-r-r," long sustained, and you are obeyed instantly.

The whole of these arts, with the exception of the latter, were exercised by our friend Isaac, sometimes aided by a smart cut from a young birch rod; and they had their effects.

Almost at that spot on the Luleå river where the village of Nelkerim stands, the imaginary line known as the Arctic or Polar Circle crosses the map. As we came up to this imaginary circle, a veritable difference in the appearance of the forest seemed to mark the spot, numerous small birches lining the way; and as we passed over the line, which existed in our fancy only, a couple of reindeer started across the road, and disappeared with the swiftness of lightning again in the opposite distance. Not wild animals, certainly, but domesticated deer, used in the winter for drawing the little *pullka*, or Lapp sledge, in which there is just room to sit. This curious conveyance somewhat resembles a large skate made of wood, with a single runner, and a boot already fitted, the inside of the boot being the hollow in which you sit, guiding your steed with one rein, and being drawn by one trace

only, passing between the animal's legs and round his neck. A reindeer is a very inexpensive luxury; it costs from twenty-five to forty dollars, and any Lapp will undertake to feed and keep it in charge the whole year round for one dollar, and no stabling to pay. These handsome little animals feed almost entirely on the reindeer-moss (*Lichen rangiferinus*), which grows in the greatest abundance over the whole country.

At Smäs, where our friend Isaac lived, and beyond which he declared his horse could not go, we arrived at a little after nine o'clock. Clearly we should get no dinner at all; nor did we. Not a soul was visible in the village; and when Isaac had unharnessed his horse, and said that we could now take a boat for the rest of our journey, I must say that I felt inclined to believe that he was chaffing us. But not he; he spoke in good earnest; and on our remarking that there did not seem to be any one here to row us, he expressed his willingness to pull us up. It was only about five or six miles. Altogether he had already run and walked a good twenty miles, and to finish up a day's work with a row of about twelve miles in addition seemed rather too much for him.

But he was not tired, and at once went in quest of a boat.

As we were waiting for him, an ancient Lapp, dressed in a very inelegant costume of reindeer skin, hairy side in, and dirt, with a tall, conical blue cap, which he politely doffed, on his head, hobbled out of Herr Isaacson's cottage, and regarded us with a stolid, expressionless countenance. He was apparently very old, for he walked with difficulty, using a pole about seven feet long to aid him. It would have seemed much wiser to find a stick to walk with, and to have put the pole to its legitimate purpose, namely, to support a scaffold; but I presume he knew best what style of walking-stick he preferred. He was not a friendly old man. He appeared to be making up his mind to beg, and I was wondering whether he would ask for twelve skillings (the obsolete coinage still obtains up here to a great extent) or leave the sum to us, when he apparently changed his mind, and hobbled down to the river. He was a wily old customer; he knew he should see us again, and then he could presume on old acquaintance, and so obtain more than if he had begged now.

This wretched old man may be taken as a fair specimen of his curious nomadic race. The

Lapps are said to be true Mongolians, as are the Finns, and their name, given to them by the Swedes, is supposed to signify an exile or fugitive, although there is considerable uncertainty on this point. They call themselves *Same*, which strengthens the conjecture that they are originally of the Samoied race. They are divided into two classes, those who live by fishing, and those who subsist on the reindeer—that is, by tending it for others, and breeding it on their own account. The average stature of the Lapps is four feet nine inches, and they are, with very few exceptions, swarthy and black-haired. The darkness of their complexion is no doubt attributable in a certain measure to their Asiatic origin; but were they fair as the Swedes themselves, a short residence in their country, where the sun shines on perpetual snow among the fjells, would tan their faces to a deep, dark tinge, for one burns twice as rapidly when added to the sun's rays is the refraction from the glistening surface of the snow. The fishers are the most impecunious of the Lapps, since they must subsist entirely by their skill in fishing and the chase; but the fjell class are often rich, owning or tending herds of reindeer amounting frequently to several hundreds. The reindeer supplies them

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with all the necessaries of existence—meat, milk, cheese, and clothing being the principal. They dress almost entirely in skins, their only undergarment being a thick layer of dirt, which they, apparently, never change.

The Lapps have a name for being a sober people, as they undoubtedly are, owing to the almost impossibility of obtaining the means of intoxication; but when they visit towns, and have the means of obtaining the villainous Swedish *bränvin*, they will drink as lustily as any man in creation, never rising sober from a merry-making, unless, indeed, they lie on the floor until the effect of the spirit has worn off. Owing to their low cast of physiognomy, their high cheek-bones, pug noses, and small, swinish eyes, they have a decidedly unprepossessing appearance; and, owing to their poverty, they are incorrigible beggars; but they have their good point, which is strict honesty. It is said that they build their cupboards on tree-stumps in any part of the forests, there leaving their treasures without any thought or fear of having them stolen, or even touched.

In a short time Isaac appeared with the boat, and came up for our luggage. As we embarked another boat landed, having just crossed over

from Mattisudden on the opposite bank. It contained two Lapps in the national costume of skins and tall blue caps. Isaac told us they were young girls, and I dare say he knew; but to our inexperienced eyes they looked precisely the same as young men, or old men, or old women. All these wretched people are alike dark, dirty, shrivelled, and ugly; they are seldom over five feet high, all have long hair, and the men have neither beard nor whiskers, so that it is rather puzzling to know who is who.

H. took the foremost pair of oars in the boat, Isaac sitting in the stern and acting steersman. We had a strong stream to make way against, and every now and again to work up rapids, where ugly, sharp-pointed rocks rose from the surface of the water like the tops of milestones. It was a dull evening, and the water here has such a wonderful power of reflecting and refracting, that the rocks appeared doubled, shadows seeming as the real objects; so that the journey appeared rather dangerous in the uncertain, mysterious light. But we got safely enough up to Jockmock in time, having crept under banks and round points to avoid the full force of the stream, and dodged between the rocks, which always

crop up in the most inconvenient parts of the rapids.

There was a light glimmering in a window, while the barking of a dog told us that civilisation was at hand; and we experienced a feeling resembling the sensation of arriving home, for we had not met a single person on the whole way from Edefors to this present landing-place.

"So this is Jockmock," said we, on stepping ashore.

"No, this is Notudden; Jockmock lies about an English mile away."

"And we must walk that?"

"Bewahs!"

Ten minutes to eleven o'clock! If we progress at this rate we shall be back in Luleå early in September instead of on the 10th of August. However, we must make the best of a bad bargain.

To our friend Isaac Isaacson we paid seven dollars for this day's work—under eight shillings!—six dollars, that is to say, for the journey in the gig, and one dollar for the boat. He was more than satisfied with his earnings.

At the house where we had seen the light we found an old man and a girl, who carried our

luggage up to Jockmock, where we arrived some time past eleven o'clock.

"I'll tell you what," said I; "I shall go to bed at once, for I'm precious tired."

And I did, not only supperless, but dinnerless also.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Bed and Breakfast for Sixpence-halfpenny—Provision for the Way—The Arctic Raspberry—The Falls at Jockmock—Once more afloat—A whole Family in the Boat—First Sight of the Fjells—Lunch *al fresco* at Purkijaurby—*En route* again.

THE gästgifvaregård at Jockmock is a clean and agreeable resting-place, and a sound and pleasant sleep refreshed us after the toils and disappointments of the day. On the following morning we were up betimes to look about us. The air was soft as is air nowhere else, and the sky clear. There is something wonderfully invigorating in this northern atmosphere; the very earth seems elastic, and one fancies that one must have either springs in one's heels or else be attached to a balloon, which is making constant efforts to lift one from the ground—such a wonderful contrast to the heavy, murky, town atmosphere one is accustomed to breathe. The air, like everything else in London, is shamefully adulterated.

Jockmock lies nearly nine hundred feet above the sea-level, a fact which tells well for the steepness of the road we had travelled, for Vuollerim is only three hundred and thirty-nine feet above the sea: this is about equivalent to a rise of twenty feet in the mile. The northern limit at which the government allows the leasing of land as farms ceases just above Kâskats, so that here we were in a sort of extra-mural and unauthorised country, unrecognised for agricultural purposes.

Jockmock is about the most extraordinary little town the human imagination can conceive. Containing at the present time only about ten or twenty inhabitants, it could not, even when all the residents were at home, comprise more than one, or at the very utmost two, hundred inhabitants. The houses are mere huts, mostly one story high, built of pine logs, with moss and clay rammed in between to keep out the draught, unpainted, and with roofs of birch bark cut into small slabs and fastened on something after the fashion of tiles. There is a certain sort of arrangement in the building of the town, the houses being so placed as to form streets; and there is a church, a queer little building of bright red-painted wood, rising to a sharp-pointed roof

fashioned like a gigantic wedge, surrounded by a small yard, enclosed with a rude wooden wall or fence, and having a little belfry, detached, of course, as is the fashion among the Lapps. So quaint and curious a little building deserves, if only as a specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, to be sketched; but as the author of "Try Lapland," and Captain Pettersson, in his "Lappland dess Natur och Folk," have both immortalised it in a view taken from almost precisely the same stand-point, I will not add another picture, lest the inhabitants should become vain of their church, and begin to imagine that it surpasses some of the cathedrals of the south in size and grandeur.

There is perhaps a certain disadvantage in visiting these droll little towns in the summer months, for although you then see the buildings to the best advantage, the people are absent, and a town without its inhabitants is at the best dull. Now all the good folk are away on the fjells with their reindeer, or wandering, like the restless bodiès they are, on visits to neighbours, who live fifty miles or so away.

Our hostess of the inn—hotel, I mean—was a good little body, who did her utmost to add to our comfort, chattering the while with a volu-

bility surprising in these somewhat stolid people. We had, I fear, on arriving called her from her couch; nevertheless, she busied herself good-humouredly to make our beds in rooms adjoining and communicating with each other, informing us that she had had another Englishman there, but that he had gone higher up the river in quest of the fish which he had failed to find at Jockmock. The most beautifully white sheets were brought out for us, and soft, warm quilts covered the comfortable beds, made on a sort of "convertible ottoman," which is a wooden sofa by day and a bedstead by night, a certain sliding arrangement allowing a widening of the seat at will. The good soul was a trifle distressed that we ate no supper, but she had no doubt we should make up for lost time at breakfast.

The room I occupied was about sixteen feet square, with an open stove decorated with juniper in one corner, two sofas or beds, a table under the window, a chair or two, and a shut-up washstand—carpet, of course, being an unknown luxury; but one can dispense with luxuries where everything is so beautifully clean.

Our hostess served us some most delicious coffee with the choicest of cream, rich as one

sees in Devonshire, and told us a *smörgås* should be ready "*strax*." Your dictionary will tell you the latter word means "immediately," and so it does; but if you want a thing done at once you must use the word "*genast*," for "*strax*" is generally interpreted "as soon as convenient," which may be next week. When the smörgås arrived, we found that it consisted of the following: a little dish of strömming, and similar dishes of slices of dried reindeer flesh, to which I have before alluded in terms as eulogistic as I could employ, cheese and butter, with knäckebröd as hard as wood, and some rusks. These were the relishes. The *pièce de résistance* consisted of a saucer containing six or seven eggs—hens' eggs and quite fresh—boiled to a nicety. These good things we washed down with fresh milk, which was very excellent.

Before leaving, it occurred to us that some fresh eggs would be very good things to add to our store of provisions, as there are no hens between Jockmock and Quickjock, and meat is seldom seen. Accordingly we had eight eggs carefully packed in a cigar-box ready for carrying, and then asked our hostess how much we must pay. Her answer astonished me. Here is how the charges were made up; of course we

had no actual bill, but I set the rates on record as worth preserving :—

Two beds and breakfasts	1 dollar.*
Eight eggs to carry away	½ „

That is to say, a dollar and a half for the night's lodging, breakfast, and box of eggs, or at the rate of sixpence-halfpenny each !—exclusive of the eight eggs we took with us.

To the pair of Lapp boots I had had made in Luleå I have already alluded. At Jockmock I put them on as regular travelling-boots, for we were coming to bogs and marshes where they would be useful. They are made of beautifully soft leather, have no soles or raised heels, and before putting on must be stuffed with hay, without which the feet would fare rather badly over rough, stony ground. Of their merits for walking I shall speak further on.

From Jockmock we had to walk about three miles along the road to the foot of the lake, on which we were going to take boat. An old man was found who carried the "kont" over his shoulders, knapsack fashion, while our esteemed hostess buckled on the carpet bag containing H.'s fardel; and away we trotted. Time was

* One dollar, consisting of 100 öre, is equal to about one shilling and a penny English; eighteen dollars go to one sovereign.

precious; accordingly, instead of making a separate excursion to the falls, we intended taking them on the way down to Lake Vaikijaur. We had heard a good deal of these falls, and soon we heard them speaking for themselves.

Walking along this road—we were on the same track as we had come the previous day—differed rather from riding, the advantage being perhaps in favour of the former. Now we could admire more at our leisure the exquisite lichens and mosses which grow in great profusion, gathering any that struck our especial fancy: of varied and most vivid colours, some of these little plants are very beautiful. The Arctic raspberry lined the wayside; indeed, we had noticed this fruit the day before, observing that outside the imaginary Arctic Circle it is hardly found at all, while within that magic ring it flourishes with great profusion, especially in marshy places. The plant is very like our own raspberry, growing to about six or eight inches high, and producing a fruit which, when partially ripe, and in its red state, is very pleasant to the palate, although rather hard; but when it is perfectly ripe, and has assumed the deep orange tint of perfection, its flavour is insipid, wanting that pleasing acidity which it possesses

when only half mature. Made into a preserve, one hardly recognises it as different from ordinary raspberry jam. The *unripe* berries are gathered for preserving; hence its colour is a deep, dull red.

Branching off from the roadway on the right, we made our first walk through the forest, the "dân" of the falls leading us to the spot of which we were in search. The river was very low; consequently, instead of making our way through a semi-marsh, as this place is when overflowed, we had to go over country much resembling in parts the dry bed of a torrent. Vast boulders, over which we had to scramble, strewed the way, and occasionally it was necessary to push through a tangle of brushwood, or climb over the trunk of a gigantic tree fallen across our path. Although these trees grow to a great size up here, they say the timber is so coarse as not to repay one for the trouble of cutting. I certainly saw one tree, which had been felled, that had at its very heart great splits large enough to insert a finger in.

The river here between Vaikijaur (*jaur* is the Lapp for a lake) and Vatjates, the lake below Jockmock, over which we had rowed on the preceding evening, has a descent, in a distance of

about three or four miles, of a little over a hundred feet, forming in its passage two falls of great beauty, called Akkatsfall and Kajtumfall; and it was to these we were making our way, having been directed by our hostess and the "gubba," who were waiting for us down in the road.

The water was unfortunately low, and what two months earlier must have been a grand fall was now much reduced in dimensions; nevertheless the effect was very pleasing, as the river, scrambling over its rocky bed, seemed at the top of the fall to spring suddenly into the air, and, bursting over the interposing projections of granite, drop in a foaming, creaming mass into the lower bed, to rise again in a glistening cloud of spray that formed miniature rainbows in the sun's rays. Further down we could see the river frantically scurrying over the rocks, and bursting into a thousand streams as it battled with the great granite masses that rose immovable from the bed of the stream, as if to show how little they cared for the fury of the turbulent waters.

When we came down to the road on returning, our two ancient friends were invisible, but it appeared we had struck the track too far forward,

and we had to retrace our steps to pick them up again. A half-hour's walk through this most desolate and delightfully solitary road brought us to the edge of the lake, but the boat we had expected to be in waiting was nowhere to be seen.

"I will run after it," said the old man, disburdening himself of his load, and retracing his steps along the road we had come for some distance, then vanishing into the forest. We learned afterwards that he was going to a house some few hundred yards from us, called, as if it were a whole village, Luspi or Forssnäs, to fetch the boat and rower; and in about twenty minutes round came a great lumbering heavy boat, all the lighter ones being further off or away on various errands.

There was a fine lusty woman pulling the bow oars, her baby sleeping behind her wrapped up in a mass of woollen materials, and in the bottom of the boat her little daughter, a child of six or seven—the whole family party apparently. The old man jumped out to make way for us, and we got in, our hostess from Jockmock taking a second pair of oars in the bow, while the old man rowed the stern oars, we sitting on a "bräde," or deal board, placed across the boat in the usual fashion.

Now we began to feel that we were really in Lapland, for ahead of us on the other margin of the lake lay tall hills, the boundary, as it were, of the fjells: you have but to ascend them to come to the great tract of country covered almost entirely with perpetual snow, on which the Lapps rejoice to be, and on which alone, surrounded by desolation and snow, they are happy.

The highest mountain we had yet seen was Ruotivara, lying about three miles to the south-west of Jockmock; it is, however, nothing in comparison with those we were coming to further on, which, running in one group from Quick-jock up to the Kiölen Mountains on the Norwegian frontier, slope down in the east to the Luleå river, and form that vast basin in which the lower arm of the stream runs, making in its course a succession of great lakes, on the first of which we were now embarked.

Vaikijaur is an eccentric lake, shaped something like a gigantic boot with a pointed heel, and a toe inclining upwards to the knee. We were now traversing the foot, parallel with the sole, from heel to toe, and a rather uninteresting row, speaking comparatively for these parts, brought us to land on the further shore. Here our hostess and her old friend again shouldered

our traps, leaving the family from Luspi in the great heavy boat to find their way home again alone, or wait here for our "bearers" to return. I cannot say which they had arranged.

Before us we had a walk of half an hour through the forest, over a rough track just perceptible, the roar of the rapids down on our left, of which we caught an occasional glimpse through the trees, ever in our ears, reminding us of their superior force, and at the same time informing us that we were in the right road, for as long as we kept the "dân" within hearing we could not go wrong, the lakes being united by successions of rapids and falls.

At the foot of the next lake, Purkijaur, we found another boat, a leaky old contrivance certainly, but still enough of a boat to pull us out to a small island, on which stood Purkijaurby ("by" is a hamlet or village), which occupied another half-hour. It was now two o'clock, and the fact that we had breakfasted early began to make itself disagreeably apparent. The hamlet consists of but two houses, neither of which could offer accommodation of any sort, so that we had to fall back on our own resources. From one of the houses we procured a saucepan and some water, and H., constituting himself

cook, boiled the eggs we had brought with us. Then, retiring to the bank where we had landed, we made a most excellent luncheon off the eggs, with cold reindeer tongue, a thing by no means to be despised, knäckebröd, and brandy and water. Under these circumstances we could despise the "zests" which civilisation invents to coax the appetite—we required no sauce beyond the latter, and neither nature nor art can produce a better.

A little after three we were again *en route* with a better boat, but the same rowers, and in fifty minutes we landed once more on the mainland, having passed the beautiful little island called "Granholmen" (the Spruce-fir Island) on our left. Once again we set forward to walk through the forest, the roar of another series of rapids in our ears. We had now to go over three miles, and as the tracts of land increased in breath they seemed also to increase in wildness. Gigantic trees, rent from their hold on the thin and treacherous soil by the fearful storms that rage here in winter, or fallen from their erect position from old age and decay, lay around in great numbers; some were held up midway by the locking of their branches in those of a neighbour, and many, utterly dead, tottered

with every breath of wind, threatening to fall and crush the unsuspecting traveller beneath. In one spot we saw a string of ants travelling across the path in Indian file. They are great animals, six times as big as those of our own country. H. told me that when the Swedes are in a place where water is scarce and ants numerous, they quench their thirst by swallowing the little creatures—a novel way of "tickling the palate." Midway between these two lakes we met the pastor of Quickjock, who was journeying down, I believe, to Luleå, on the way to Upsala, leaving his flock and his parish to take care of themselves. There is no clergyman in the little piece of country between Jockmock and Quickjock—a distance of about fifty miles!

After tramping for nearly an hour through this solitary waste, we arrived at the foot of Lake Randijaur, the broadest of the whole chain, although a long way from being the biggest.

CHAPTER IX.

Increasing Boldness of the Scenery on Lake Randijaur—Pleasures of Lake Travelling—Change Boats—The coming 'Englishman—Beautiful Rapids at Parkijaurby—Increase of Mosquitoes—Lake Parkijaur—Supper at Björkholm—Sleeping in the Boat—Reindeer Skins—Lakes Skalka and Tjomatis.

RESTING in a rocky little cove, and half drawn up on the shore, we found the boat which had brought Pastor Berlin down the lake; this we quietly appropriated, stored our luggage, and started on the Lake Randijaur, which in its broadest part measures over six miles, and is often lashed into great fierce waves by a high wind rushing down between the mountains, that rise like walls on either side of the lakes.

The scenery on the western borders of this lake assumes a much bolder character, the mountains rising to a far greater altitude; indeed, the increase in size is apparent from this point upwards, until the chain culminates at Quickjock in the peaks which rise to over four thousand feet high. The water was calm and smooth

now, and the boat sped merrily on, an arrangement of birch boughs in the bottom serving as a very comfortable couch for us to lie upon. In this manner, reclining at ease under a clear sky and genial atmosphere, with an agreeable companion, and surrounded by such strikingly beautiful scenery, no means of travelling more agreeable can be imagined, everything seeming to combine to add to one's enjoyment of the pleasures of repose and admiration of the picturesque.

We had hardly pulled a mile from the shore when the sharp eye of our old man in the bow detected some object astern of us on the water. The sight of two boats on one of these lakes at the same time was a thing so unusual that our rowers imagined something extraordinary was astir, and almost immediately ceased rowing, for the chase to come up with us. It turned out to be a boat going our way; and, as there was no one in it, there seemed to be some tacit understanding that we should change into the empty seats and let our own boat return. This we at once did, paying our rowers, and making ourselves comfortable in the new quarters. The boat to which we had changed was decorated with a young birch-tree in the bow and another in the

stern, which, the wind being in our favour, served to act in a certain measure as sails, and so to aid in the propulsion of the craft. We now had two sturdy young men as rowers, who at once, with that easy loquacity characteristic of every nation but the English, began a conversation.

"We are making business this year," said one; "you are the third *sällskap* we have brought up this season."

"Ja-så," replied H.

"We rowed an Englishman over last week," continued he, "and he told us another Englishman was coming soon."

I smiled perforce at this, and H. then indicated that I was the other Englishman whose visit was expected.

"Ja-så-å-å!" said the rower, regarding me very attentively, and relapsing into a momentary silence. "You English," he remarked presently, "are a strange nation. *Fan!* always in a hurry. Why, he whom we rowed up last week must get up at once to Njavi. What difference is there whether you get there to-day, or to-morrow, or next week? It is all the same."

Herein he showed up a trait of Swedish character which was as strange to me as an Englishman's desire to move forward appeared to him.

The value of time is in no way comprehended or appreciated in Sweden; and more than once have I heard a remark similar to that of this boatman. "Surely this week and next are very much the same: what difference can a few days make?" Time is certainly not money out here.

Seven or eight miles further over the placid surface of this great sheet of water, and we came to the next strip of land, and went ashore at the foot of one of the most picturesque rapids it has ever been my fortune to see. The stream is divided into three courses by small islands studded with dark pines, which rise from the bed of the river; and as the water rushes over the rocks and stones, it is dashed into creaming foam, falling into the lake with a thunder which resounds and echoes in the distance. There is a total fall between these two lakes, in a distance of under a mile, of between thirty and forty feet. At the top of the hill which we now had to ascend, following the course of the rapid, stands the hamlet of Parkijaurby, consisting of one house and two or three out-buildings. Here the process of haymaking was being carried on, the grass being hung up to dry over a framework such as I have already described, which is the only means of inducing the moisture to take its

departure. At this place an old Lapp appeared, and begged without any hesitation, receiving a quarter of a dollar with much apparent satisfaction.

So far on the journey the mosquitoes had not troubled us, a few stragglers here and there coming down on us only, so that we had not as yet found it necessary to use our veils; but here the "myggs" were in considerable numbers. We were glad to arrive at the next lake, Parkijaur, and on the open water be freed again from these terrible pests; but we could not proceed at once, as the rowers had retired to the cottage to enjoy a cup of coffee after the exertions of their pull. Coffee in these districts, where the sale of alcoholic liquors is prohibited, takes the place of those drinks, much to the people's benefit, one would imagine; and to such an extent is it drunk as almost to interfere with the course of business. Before a pull of two miles comes coffee, the same following the exertion, and on every convenient occasion (or inconvenient either, for that matter) there is an indulgence in this favourite beverage. There is some excuse, for certainly the coffee is as good as one can desire to drink. Loaf sugar is always used for sweetening by the poorest peasant; indeed, your kitchen-

maid would *sooner* resign a good situation than drink brown sugar in her coffee.

Off again on Parkijaur, a lake with less than half the surface of water that Randijaur contains; but what the "jaur" wants in size, the surrounding scenery amply makes up in beauty. The mountains, which spring direct from the water's edge, and are here rocky and barren, there covered with a profusion of trees, increase in height at every mile you progress. Midway on the northern bank of this lake stands a mountain, called in Lappska "Atiek," in Swedish "Torr Berg," or the Dry Mountain, from the fact of its being almost destitute of trees and containing no streams. Certainly, as it towers above the placid lake, it seems to deserve its name, for a barer and more inhospitable rock one could hardly expect to meet, its rough granitic sides rising sharply up as barren as a house wall.

At eleven o'clock we saw the last of Lake Parki, after a row of six miles, and on landing were again attacked by our insatiable enemies the mosquitoes, which came about us in great numbers. I regretted exceedingly that I had not put on my veil—there had not, previous to our visit to Parkijaurby, been sufficient of the pests about to necessitate its use—but it was

now too late. I, however, tied my handkerchief over my neck, leaving only my face exposed, and thus managed to escape with only a few bites. One is conscious at the moment of a slight pricking sensation when the mosquito bites, or sticks, as the Swedes say, and the mischief is done, no further immediate disagreeables resulting; but on the morrow, and possibly the day following that, one is in a state of misery bordering on distraction, from the irritation caused by the poison the insect leaves in the flesh. So long as you can keep your hands away from the bites they do not annoy you much; but once scratch them, and you cannot leave off until the skin is torn away.

The piece of land between these two lakes is terribly rough. It is nearly all uphill, and the way is covered with great stones and roots of trees, that catch your feet and trip you; while several small streams playfully meander across the track, and even along it—here forming a marsh, through which you must splash, and there rendering the way so slippery, from the decaying vegetable matter, that walking becomes a task of some difficulty. However, we scrambled through in time; and, finding a boat at the foot of the great Lake Skalka—the largest of the

chain, being nearly thirty miles in extent—we put across to the little island of Björkholm, which we reached after a short pull.

Björkholm signifies Birch-tree Island, a name which is certainly given to the place on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for neither birch nor any other tree is to be seen. There are two houses on the island; one a private residence, the other the inn, a little bright red building of about four rooms, to which we at once repaired in quest of supper. The hostess did her utmost to please us, preparing, I have no doubt, the finest repast the resources of the establishment could supply; but it was, after all, but a meagre spread, and we went away dissatisfied, grumbling inwardly because the fish she had used all her art to fry was too salt for our palates.

Although it was near midnight, we had no intention of stopping yet; hence we had given orders for a boat to be got in readiness by the time we should have finished our supper. The evening was dull, with heavy clouds floating across the sky and threatening bad weather; the brilliant rays of the sunken sun were obscured, and it was about as dark at midnight as one sees it at noon on a dull, sunless summer's day in England.

The boat was capacious, affording just sufficient room for two people to lie down side by side in the bottom, the rowers, two fine robust fellows, sitting, as usual, at either end. We had induced the latter to put a couple of reindeer skins for us as couches, and on these we lay in great comfort. The skin of the reindeer is a dun brown on the back, softening off to white at the sides and under the belly, with hair of wonderfully close growth, beautifully soft, and about two inches long. As mats, for which they are much used in the towns, they are excessively pleasing, and to step upon are softer than the finest Turkey carpet that ever left the loom. They have, furthermore, this virtue: it is affirmed that no vermin will harbour in them; hence for sleeping apartments they are especially desirable. It is a matter of wonder to me that none have yet found their way to London, where one would imagine they would command a very high price; but from inquiries made of one of the first houses in the fur and skin trade, I learnt that no such thing was ever seen. They can be purchased out here for a few dollars. Like the dog, that extraordinary animal the reindeer perspires through the tongue, and not the hide.

Wrapped in thick overcoats, and with large

waterproofs thrown over us, so as entirely to exclude any damp—mist is a thing unknown in summer, and fog a curious phenomenon as little comprehended by these people as the Aurora Borealis by us outer barbarians—we were yet chilly, the night being intensely cold for the time of year. Nevertheless, we slept well in this strange bed, not awaking until long past four, when Njavi, our next stopping place, was in sight close at hand. Our lusty rowers had pulled bravely all this time, at the rate of nearly six miles an hour, and were by no means loath to accept a glass of their favourite "pomerans," which gave them renewed courage for the final spurt. Of course they were not so fresh now as at starting, but still they were not much fatigued, notwithstanding the pace at which they had been rowing, against the stream too, which, however, is so slight as to make almost no difference. The endurance of the Swedish peasantry is something astonishing. Take these men as a fair instance, who pulled for five hours without a rest; and remember the endurance our friend Isaac Isaacson had displayed in running nearly twenty miles, and finishing up his day's work by rowing from Smäs to Notudden and back, a distance of

twelve or fourteen miles. There must be considerable muscle for that.

It was five o'clock when we got ashore at the end of Lake Skalka, or, more properly speaking, Tjomatis, for a narrowing in the lake at one portion is taken to be a division, and a fresh name given to the further end; and we now found ourselves at the pleasant little village of Njavi, in every respect the best of all the resting-places on the road.

Thank Heaven! there was not a mosquito to be seen, the cold having driven them away. Inestimable blessing!

Our boatmen received ten dollars for this mighty row, which, being at the rate of two dollars a Swedish mile, would make the distance from Björkholm to Njavi five miles, or over thirty English miles. I am inclined to think it is not quite so much, unless the reckoning is in *sea* miles, which are not so long as those used for land measurement.

Being shown into the best room at the gästgifvaregård—a fine apartment about twenty-four feet square—we found most unmistakable signs of a foreigner: a fishing-rod and tackle in admired confusion over the room, perhaps what may be called piscatorial order, a gun-case, and

other minor impedimenta. There were two beds in the room, in one of which was a man, who, turning round, exclaimed in English—

"Hullo! is that Mr. S.? They have called me already, so I must get up. I thought I heard strange voices."

And while he turned out of one bed I got into or upon the other, preparatory to indulging in a further nap.

CHAPTER X.

Njavi and a luxurious Breakfast—An Ice-capped Mountain—An English Fisherman and his Sport—Saggat träsk—Dissimilarity of the Swedish and Lapp Languages—Tremendous Heat—The Rapids—Snow Mountains—A Cascade—Meet a Traveller—The Family Joint—A Natural Canal—End of the Journey.

WHEN we arrived at Njavi we had been, at that absurdly early hour in the morning, unappreciative of the beauties of the place; but when, at ten o'clock, we got up to breakfast we were in a frame of mind more suited to the admiration of the picturesque. The first consideration, however, was creature comfort, to which one is forced *nolens volens* to attend. Here "hos" Eric Anundson, in our luxurious apartment with its papered walls, we were indulged in surprising delicacies. Delicious coffee, accompanied by newly-made hot *wheat* cakes, with fried fish (pike or grayling), and fresh eggs, formed a glorious repast, and here at any rate there was no need to fall back on our private store of provisions. It must, however, be remembered that Njavi far

exceeds any other station in style of accommodation, as I have before hinted.

The scenery at this place is very grand. The mountains have nearly doubled in height, and form a wall, as it were, round the lake, their sides clothed with the never-ending, sombre, dark pine forests, and in some instances their summits covered with snow. To the east-north-east Tjerkou, at a distance of about three miles, towers aloft; while on the other hand, looking towards the north-west, and distant perhaps four miles, Njanja rises up, its silvery summit gleaming and glistening in the sunbeams. So late was the summer in coming that the top of this mountain was still covered with *ice*, the heat of the sun not yet having been sufficiently great to melt the vast frozen masses that had accumulated during the winter. On the opposite side of the lake another range of mountains rises, following the shape of the water and winding away in the distance, decreasing in height towards the south, and increasing the nearer they approach to the Norwegian frontier.

Although the morning was intensely hot, not a mosquito was to be seen. I cannot account in any way for the absence of these diabolical little creatures at Njavi.

Having finished our breakfast we bethought ourselves of moving, but on inquiring for a boat we were coolly informed that there was no one to row us. This was cheering, but one must expect checks of this kind in a country so thinly populated. In this case, fortunately, the difficulty was easily overcome, for there happened to be a couple of men about a mile distant, who were brought down to us in half an hour by the "bud," or messenger, we despatched in quest of them.

In the meantime the Englishman who was fishing here told us his piscatorial joys and griefs.

"I consider that I have been deceived," said he; "and this I know—I will never depend on any book again for information. I am inclined to put my own experiences into a book, in order that no more fellows may come here in quest of fish that I don't believe exist." *

"Have you caught nothing?"

"Nothing worth the name until I came here, neither at Edefors nor Jockmock. I believe the peasants have exhausted the streams, for they are always fishing, and clamour for flies like a sailor for grog."

* The learned in piscatorial matters will at once perceive that this gentleman was too late in the season to find much sport.

"What has been your sport here?" I asked.

"Not so bad. I caught forty-five fish yesterday morning between five and ten o'clock, none of them over eighteen inches long: salmon-trout are scarce. This is the best day I've had, and no other day's sport can hold a candle to it."

"Were you disappointed in the scenery?" I inquired.

"Scenery! I have not seen any worth the name. I don't care a hang for big lakes, or tall mountains, or trees, or that sort of thing; they are simple humbug in my estimation. I would as soon walk through Hyde Park as the finest mountain-pass in the world; there can't be so very much difference after all."

He might have been an expert fisherman, he might have been a good shot; but he had no more appreciation of the picturesque than a Hottentot would have of the finest Teniers or Wouvermans, or an American Indian of Tennyson or Goethe.

After a walk of half an hour we came to the foot of Saggat träsk (träsk is Swedish for lake, and why this should not be called Saggat *jaur*—the Lapp—I am at a loss to comprehend), where there was a boat in waiting for us. Our rowers, who were two old men, one of whom could only

talk a word or two of Swedish, went to their work with a will, but their pulling was nothing to compare with that of the lusty fellows who had brought us up to Njavi. It is unusual to find one of the settlers up here unable to converse in Swedish, which is the language proper, although they all understand and talk Lapp. The latter seems to be a wonderfully complicated language, differing entirely from the Swedish, as indeed would be naturally expected from its Asiatic origin. Swedish is easy to learn, having almost precisely the same construction as English, and a vast number of words nearly similar; but Lapp, with eleven cases to its nouns!—save me from it! I will give a specimen to show the resemblance between English and Swedish, and the total dissimilarity of the Lapp language:—

Good day.	Swedish,	*God dag.*	Lapp,	*Purrist.*
Much the best.	„	*Allra bäst.*	„	*Kaika purimus.*
Come, father.	„	*Kom far.*	„	*Attje pote.*
I was.	„	*Jag var.*	„	*Mon lijeb.*

I have given to the father. Swedish, *Jag har gifvit åt fadren.*
Lapp, *Attjai leb vaddam.*

The Lapps have a dual number, which is not found in European languages—for instance, *attjitjch*, father and son; and while the Swedes decline an adjective thus—*kall*, *kallare*, *kallaste* (cold, colder, coldest), the former write *tjoskes*,

tjoskasub or *tjoska subbu, tjoskasumus.* Fortunately it is not necessary to study the language to travel in the country.

Some of the Swedish idioms plainly show the connection in a remote age of that and our own language, which of course are near relations in one family; while at the same time they demonstrate that some of the most common vulgarisms of English are unwitting classicisms on the part of the perpetrators. In Swedish you always say, "This *here* man," and "That *there* house;" also, "He *as* went there." Nothing could be more atrocious in English than "It was this here man as did that," but in the sister language it would be no solecism.

Saggat is by far the most picturesque of this chain of lakes, forming a culminating point of beauty, and it is the last also. On the southern side the mountains stand back from the water with one exception, a solitary peak called Ajtatis, at whose base a small river debouches; but on the northern bank the vast, grim, granite peaks are washed by the ripples of the lake, in parts forming a smooth cliff, rough, rugged, and barren, and utterly impregnable. The red stone glistens in the rays of the sun like a rock covered with hoar frost, and the sharp outline of

the mountains and every leaf or branch of the trees are reflected in the water as in a mirror, seeming so lifelike and natural, that one is inclined to fancy that the landscape has become inverted, and that the trees have taken to growing downwards.

As we progressed the mosquitoes came down upon us again in numbers, increasing at every stroke of the oar, singing ineffectually about our veils, which were quite *mygg*-proof, but tormenting the rowers terribly. The heat of the sun was intense, not a cloud appearing to break its power as it shone down into the basin formed by the mountains, and scarcely a breath of air stirring to moderate its rays to a more pleasant temperature. How the rowers endured the heat, exertion, and mosquitoes, I know not; they certainly applied very often to the waters of the lake for a cooling draught, which was scooped up in a strip of birch bark formed into a cup, or the tin pannikin used for baling the boat. We, for our parts, could not exist in comfort without the protection afforded by our umbrellas.

On the whole shore of Lake Saggat, from Njavi to Quickjock, a distance of about twenty miles, not a habitation is to be seen excepting the tiny "by," known as Arrenjarka, at the

mouth of a little stream that trickles down from the mountains; and so intense are the quiet and solitude, that one seems almost to be invading a territory unvisited by man. Further again, on the northern shore, another stream, called Kätsakj, runs into the lake, but no house nor shed exists in its vicinity, nothing but pine-trees and water, and the solitary bleak mountains, with remains of the winter's snow still lingering about their sides and summits.

Here the water was like a mill-pond, but on starting from Njavi we had had a bit of rough work, pulling up the rapids for some distance. This was gloriously exciting work. The crystal waters rushed down past us, and roared in the rear as they dashed over the stony bed, even here threatening every moment to swing us round, and bear the boat away in their impetuous course. But our rowers exerted every muscle to keep her head up as we struggled with the current, steering us cleverly past great rocks which seemed to bar our passage, and bringing us, not without a fight for it, into the smooth water, on which we made our way thenceforward.

Six miles from the head of the lake the whole glory of the much-famed north-western view opened on us, the water seeming to mix with the

verdant bank, or rather the shore appearing to dissolve in the water, and the great snow-covered mountains in the distance closing the prospect. It is certainly a magnificently picturesque landscape.

On our right hand, as we steered along the great wall of rock towering above us, a stream broke over the mountain side, falling in a glistening silvery thread some seventy or eighty feet, and then disappearing among the dark pines, to reappear presently in a "runnil," or rivulet, that coursed downwards, winding among the rocks and forming innumerable little cascades, until it finally lost itself in the great lake it came down to meet.

Nothing but dark, frowning pines here; but presently the whole style of coast-line changed, deciduous trees predominating along the water's edge; here mountain ash, laden with coral berries, there the beautifully graceful birch, its long, pendent branches bending supplely down towards the stream, and the bright-leaved asp mingling with the olive foliage—if such it may be termed—of the pine.

Presently we became conscious of another boat on the water coming towards us, and as we drew nearer it was apparent that a second boat

followed in its wake. Our rowers knew immediately who it must be travelling down, and of course their conjecture was correct—a Swedish Captain B. and his wife returning from a visit to Quickjock.

While we crept along the shore, the other boats one with the passengers, and her tender containing their luggage—kept further out to take advantage of the almost imperceptible current, the very thing we were avoiding; consequently we passed within hail only. As we were abreast of the strangers our stern rower ceased his pulling, and roared at the top of his lungs a piece of news for the other boats.

"An Englishman!" cried he, with the voice of a Stentor. "We have got an Englishman on board!"

Something inaudible came in reply, and we resumed our course.

Our old men showed some signs of being tired, and it is not to be wondered at, seeing under what adverse circumstances they worked, contending also with the insectivorous enemy the whole way. They had not rested, of course, although they had once exchanged positions in the boat; but they had lunched, not too substantially, it is true, off knäckebröd and butter,

which one of them carried in a tiny tub-shaped vessel, the former being wrapped in a handkerchief. It is not unusual to see one of these rowers produce from the leather bags they carry with them an indescribable-looking piece of meat, probably the family joint of smoked reindeer flesh, and coolly dine from the delicacy, replacing it afterwards in its leathern receptacle. It may be imagined that the meat borrows a flavour from the leather, but I doubt if such is the fact; I should indeed be inclined to think that nothing could add to the taste of dried smoked reindeer flesh!

Our journey was now drawing to a close, as we approached the head of the lake where Quickjock stands. We soon entered a narrow channel having the appearance of a canal, the birch and willow trees on either side not only growing down to the water's edge, but actually springing from it, and drooping gracefully over the stream. The colour of these trees was surprisingly rich and verdant, all the freshest and brightest tints of spring appearing combined. A more beautiful natural canal could not be imagined, but the mosquitoes were in perfect clouds, keeping up a continual buzz, and almost darkening the atmosphere around us. Thanks to our veils and kid

gloves, the musical little wretches were rendered powerless.

This lovely little channel existed for about five hundred yards, when we once more came into open water, and there directly before us, at the head of a rich grassy slope coming down to the water-side and forming several feet of marsh on its brink, through which we had to splash, stood our bourn and resting-place, QUICKJOCK.

As we landed, a small boat containing a woman and a little boy was crossing the bay, and before we were well ashore had disappeared round a projecting corner. Here, at five o'clock, ended our five hours' row.

CHAPTER XI.

Quickjock—Population, 3—Mosquito Hunt—Dinner for Thanks—Our Hostess astonished—The Visitors' Book—The Church—The Kamajock Falls—Mountain and Lake Scenery—North of Iceland—Adieu to Quickjock—Magnificent Sunset—Shoot the Falls—Back at Njavi.

THE advent of four people in Quickjock more than doubled the population of that thriving town! There is a church in, or rather belonging to, the town, and about four or five houses, with the usual out-buildings. It must not be supposed that the "town" is always so empty as we found it; the circumstances which accounted for its present scant number of occupants were as follows:—The pastor was absent, as appeared from the fact of our having met him on his way down to Luleå; the "klockare," or clerk, also was away, leaving his house in charge of an old woman; the only available man had that morning gone down the lake in the boats which we had met; the Lapps, except two, were away on the fjells; and the town had contained, before our arrival, but three people—the old woman alluded

to, and a couple of Lapps, who were engaged in haymaking.

We at once made our way, on landing, up to the house of Klockaren Mannberg, which is the post-office, and were received by the old lady in charge. If it had been hot on the lake, it was doubly so here on the land, the sun beating down with tremendous power, and the mosquitoes were about in perfect clouds. Of these torments, indeed, there were so many, that a pot of wood had been lighted on the threshold of the post-office to smoke them away, or, at any rate, prevent them entering the rooms. The precaution was very effectual, for the apartment we were shown into could not have contained more than seventy, at an outside estimate. However, this number we could soon conquer, and while dinner was preparing in the little kitchen detached from the house, we waged war on the enemy, driving them to the windows and flattening them on the glass, or catching them in our hands as they hovered in the air. But this was a long process, nevertheless, nor did we entirely free the room until our dinner began to make its appearance. Then we took off our veils—"flor" is the term here, "a gauze," the Swedish equivalent for a veil being used in

reference to bridal adornments—and could enjoy our meal in peace.

Some sort of bird, probably a young wild duck, roasted or grilled with a profusion of butter, was the principal dish, of course preceded by a "smörgås," and accompanied by knäckebröd, about the hardest, and in every respect the worst, I ever saw, and followed by coffee, delicious as usual (that goes without saying, as the French put it), and milk served in great silver tankards, very antique and curious, holding nearly a quart: these, with some of the biscuit-bread I had brought with me, and some cake from the same store, as a sweet, furnished a most excellent repast. When we offered to pay our hostess, she said we had eaten so little, it was impossible to name an equivalent for it in money—she would be grateful for our thanks; but that hardly suited, and we gave her a dollar, at which she put up her hands and turned up her eyes, saying it was "all too much, all too much."

Quickjock, as regards its natural beauties, is unsurpassed. It is apparently unsurpassed also in the quantity of mosquitoes it produces; hence we deemed it prudent to forego our intention of sleeping there, and to return at once to Njavi.

The "myggs" were simply unbearable. There was another reason also which induced us to leave at once: our boatmen were going to return almost immediately, and if we remained behind them it was uncertain when we might be able to find other men to take us down. Accordingly, we resolved to leave Quickjock the same evening, notwithstanding the many inducements the country presented for remaining; and, with this view, bid our men hold themselves ready for us in two hours' time.

On announcing our intention to the old lady, her astonishment was unbounded. "An Englishman come all this way and remain only two hours in the town. The thing was unprecedented, incredible! Why, the generality of travellers stopped a week, some a fortnight, even three weeks, and we were going away at once. Nay, it cannot be."

Nevertheless, such was our resolve.

The good old dame had produced a visitors' book for us to inscribe our names in, which of course we did, amused rather at the style of the volume. It had an appearance somewhat resembling a small-sized, but extra thick, child's copy-book, and, although it dated back fourteen years, had only three or four pages filled. The

number of visitors is probably ten or twelve in the course of each year. The little volume had evidently been started with the express intention of obtaining the autograph of the king, whose name opened the first page, "CARL," all in capital letters. If, by the way, that late respected old gentleman was in the habit of always signing his name in large capital letters, he must have found it rather tiresome; but that is, or was, *his* affair. Against this signature was a note, made by some grovelling member of the suite, to the effect that "his gracious Majesty had been pleased to write his high name with his *own* royal hand." I am not well acquainted with Swedish law, but I apprehend that if any other hand had undertaken to inscribe the high name of his gracious Majesty, the owner of that hand might have found himself in trouble for something nearly approximating to forgery. After the flourishing capitals followed the signatures of the members of the suite, nine or ten in number; and then came a medley of other names, including, in '69, Prince Oscar and his suite, bringing the record down to the present time. It is said that an English lord (probably a London tailor) was the first person who visited Quickjock some twenty years

ago, and that, having discovered a good thing and made it known, other people followed his example. Be this as it may, it is very certain that only two or three English names appear in the list, and among them *not one* that I had ever heard before. Of course the inevitable British snob appears among these, and in this instance he has added a note in, perhaps, too vigorous Saxon, relieved with a long dash, complimentary to the place, but the reverse to the mosquitoes. According to his notion, it may be the correct style of language to write in visitors' books, but if employed in polite society I fancy it would hardly be appreciated.

Quickjock, or Qvikkjokk, signifies in Lapp the "falling river," or the river having falls, taking its name from the stream, or the nature of the stream, near which it stands. According to Pettersson, the town, or rather the lake, lies nine hundred and fifty-seven feet above the level of the sea; but from a government survey lately made, the results of which, by the way, *are not yet published*, it must be considerably higher, for the surveyors calculate the southern end of Lake Skalka, by Björkholm, to be one thousand and sixteen feet over the sea-level, which would make the former place about ninety feet higher

than Pettersson reckons. It may be presumed that the government is the most correct; hence we may say we are here over a thousand feet above the sea.

The first thing to be seen in Quickjock is the church. It stands on the hillside behind the town; and as we made our way thither, the two Lapps, both exceedingly small, and certainly young—perhaps man and wife—expressed a wish to us that we should purchase eggs from them—(one gaunt Cochin China cock was stalking about among the out-buildings); but as we were inclined to believe that these guileless and innocent little people save up the eggs for any indefinite period, with a view of selling them to unsuspecting travellers, we respectfully declined to barter.

The church is the most unpretending little red-wood building that the most rigid Lutheran could desire, whitewashed inside, and adorned with one or two small pictures. It has sittings for perhaps a hundred people. Surrounding the church is a yard, enclosed with a wooden rail, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," their resting-places marked in the most simple and primitive manner. Around each grave is a little wooden railing about four feet high, across which, from side to side, is placed

a board, supporting a little plain deal frame, in which appears an inscription *written on a sheet of note-papèr* and covered with glass. Two graves, and two only, have crosses, made of *tin*, with a tablet of brass setting forth all the world wishes to know—"*Här hvilar*—so and so."

Beside the church, or below the church, are the falls of the river Kama, which roar and thunder perpetually as they rush over the rocky bed of the torrent, and subside in splash and foam on the lower level. There was not a large supply of water, else the falls would have been much grander; but their picturesqueness, even as it was, was unequalled. Huge masses of granite, rough and rugged, rise in mid-stream, dividing the waters ere they dash, as it were, over the brink of a precipice, and form a creaming, surging whirlpool below, before they re-form and pursue their course down to the great lake calmly lying beyond, and glistening in the sunshine. Higher again up the stream is another fall, nearly as fine as this, while in the distance the river winds among the dark pine forest, disappearing round an angle. Far beyond all rise the great mountain peaks, their summits covered with perpetual snow, forming a glorious back-

ground to a picture which Nature has exerted her utmost to make perfect.

The highest of the mountains is Kaskajvo (4,383 feet), then come Vallispiken (4,300 feet) and the minor peaks Ruotivare* (an iron mountain belonging to the Gellivare Company), Karvik, and Tjorvis; while, high up the Tarrejokk, which also runs into Lake. Saggat, lies Staika (5,177 feet); and far away, on the Norwegian frontier, is Sulitelma, the highest mountain in Sweden, its extreme altitude being 6,314 feet. One of the peaks has a curiously volcanic appearance, and is named by the Lapps "Vouaka," or Vulcan. It is probable that it is an extinct "eld-sprutande berg" (fire-spurting mountain), for it seems most certainly, and its name strengthens the notion, to contain a crater.

The view over the lake is especially beautiful, a large island standing in its centre giving it the appearance of two pieces of water, instead of the two arms of one great sheet; and with the wonderful verdure of the birch and willows, which cover the isle, so richly green that they seem to have been coloured by an artist too prone to vividness, one cannot easily be con-

* *Vare* is the Lapp for a mountain. "Gellivare" means the "beautiful mountain."

vinced that this place in winter is a waste of ice and snow for months together, the days only having about two hours of sunshine, and the cold being so intense as to cause the earth to crack and crackle, the snow to crumble like dust, and water, if exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, to rise up in the semblance of steam. But "there is no delusion at all about it," as the prestidigitateurs say; and here we are, nearly fifty miles north of the Arctic Circle, the same distance above the most northerly point of Iceland, and a long way north of Kamtschatka.

The intense heat seemed to portend that thunder was coming; and, indeed, even as we were gazing on what Pettersson calls "the paradise of Lapland," dark clouds began to gather overhead and warn us that our return journey might be accompanied by a storm. It was but a false alarm, however, for the clouds almost entirely dispersed, leaving the sky clear, pure, and brilliant again, and giving the sun his own way once more.

At a little after seven we bid adieu to Quickjock, beaten by the mosquitoes, and embarked on the return journey to Njavi, our old hostess shaking us by the hand with an evident reluctance to part, and the rest of the inhabitants

of the town—the two Lapps—staring at a distance at the travellers who did not invest in their eggs.

We had told our oarsmen that their rowing was utterly eclipsed by that of the sturdy fellows who had brought us from Björkholm, and they now put their best arm foremost, and carried the boat over the water in fine style, keeping to the centre of the lake, where any stream that existed would aid their efforts. The evening grew gradually cooler as the sun declined, so that we were soon glad to put on our overcoats, and nestle like young lambs (I do not know whether I am employing a happy simile) in the hay at the bottom of the boat.

The sunset over the lake was magnificent in the extreme, again deluding one with the notion that a too lavish hand had given an extra wash of colour to the sky, and made almost too brilliant the deep rich tints of crimson that shot high up in the heavens. Compared with the view over this great lake looking westward, that which is obtained as one journeys towards the east is not nearly so sublime; yet it is not by any means to be despised. The vast granitic mountains, rising like walls from the water's edge; the gigantic masses of rock strewing the

coast, and here and there jutting like beacons from the shimmering surface of the lake; the wild and shaggy trees that eke out a meagre existence among the inhospitable blocks of stone; and the general desolation in the whole appearance of nature, combine to form a picture which is intensely grand and impressive. The hand of man is nowhere visible to mar the beauty of the scene; Nature reigns supreme, wild and unchecked.

Once more we arrived at the head of the rapids, after a pull of four hours—a vast improvement on the former achievement; and now, instead of having difficulty in stemming the current, we shot down with the rapidity of thought between the sharp rocks, just grazing some, and glancing over others that left only sufficient depth of water above their heads for the boat to live in. Our rowers had hitherto sat both with their backs to the bows, which certainly added to the speed of the boat; but before we came to the rapids the sternman had resumed his old position, in order that he might be able to see where he was steering us: had he not done so, I fear he might have injured his boat.

The moon came up from behind the mountains

as we walked down to Njavi, showing her silver face at first coyly, then without any hesitation, above their rugged sky-line. We were not sorry to find ourselves back at this hospitable station, which was again free from mosquitoes, nor to retreat to the warmth of the comfortable house, for the night was very cold.

CHAPTER XII.

Luxurious Breakfast at Njavi—Lapp Dogs—A Lapp Kåta—An Ancient Lapp—A Thunder-storm—Shelter at Tjomatis—An Oven—Antique Silver—Magnificent Rainbow—Björkholm again—A Hole leaking Mosquitoes—Swedish Etiquette—Rain and no Sleep.

GLAD to see us once again, and that so soon, occupants of her best room, our landlady did her utmost to prepare us a good breakfast on the morrow. The *carte* was extensive :—

Fried fish, called "har,"
Eggs of some lake bird, possibly duck,
Hot wheaten cakes,
Rye bread and knäckebröd,
Coffee with most excellent cream,
Fresh milk,
Delicious butter,
Arctic raspberries and cream.

When it is remembered that we had silver spoons and a curious antique silver cream-jug to grace the board, as a set-off to the above luxuries, it must be admitted that we were doing exceedingly well for Lapland. For this luxurious repast, in

addition to sleeping accommodation, we paid the moderate sum of two dollars!

There was a young Lapp dog at Njavi which especially struck my fancy—a fine ball of hair, with very little shape yet, the offspring of a handsome black and white, long-haired, tall-eared animal; but it was in vain I coveted him. The owner would not part with the whelp on any terms. The breed is becoming scarce, I presume. However, I do not regret it so much now, as probably the animal would never have lived away from its native snow-fields: one of the same breed sent to England last year could not stand the climate, and succumbed to the, to it, intolerable heat, a few months back. On making further attempts to obtain one of these handsome, sturdy animals, I was informed that a Lapp would as soon sell his son as his dog: the former bargain I certainly never experienced any wish to make.

There was a Lapp "Kâta" at Njavi, one of those extraordinary little tents in which these hardy nomads live all the year round. It is a mystery that they do not become frozen to death in them. The tent is composed of skins, covering a framework, and the interior cannot be more than eight feet in diameter, the centre being

occupied by the fire, the smoke from which escapes through a hole above. There is a sort of doorway, made to open and shut. After coolly inspecting this primitive dwelling both outside and in, we met the proprietor coming home. He (she) smiled benignly; and after greeting us in Lapp with "*Purrist, purrist, maktäs viäso?*" ("Good day; how do you do?"), essayed a little Swedish. His (her) knowledge of the latter was limited, not extending beyond "Tolf skilling;" which was a delicate mode of insinuating that twelve shillings would not be altogether unacceptable. H. presented the worthy, but dirty, little person with twenty-five öre, and I gave him (her) eighteen shillings, which produced such a storm of thanks and endeavours to kiss our hands, that we were overwhelmed. We shook the good soul by the hand, and said adieu. By the way, every one in Sweden says "Adieu, adieu," on taking leave—never anything else.

There was another Lapp at this interesting little place, who, on inquiry, turned out to be an old woman of ninety. I had imagined she was an old man!

When the boat which we had ordered was made ready, and we took leave of pleasant, hospitable, and mosquitoless Njavi, there was a

certain murkiness in the appearance of the gathering clouds which portended "weather." The surface of the lake was, however, perfectly calm, and it was not until we had been on the water an hour and a half that the signs of a storm assumed anything like a reality. Then a few specks of rain fell, increasing in a moment to a sharp shower, but rapidly clearing off and leaving the sky almost cloudless again. This first effort of nature was quickly succeeded by something with more signification. Low peals of thunder murmured in the distance, and dark clouds massed above us. Then, with tremendous suddenness, the storm burst, the thunder pealing and crashing over our heads with a violence that seemed threatening to rend the planks of our boat with the ear-splitting reverberations. Bang went the sound in the clouds, like the firing of an immense gun, and the echoes, taking up the roar, hurled it backwards and forwards among the mountains a hundred times, until the air seemed filled with succeeding discharges of cannon. The crash was tremendous, appalling, in its loudness. Then down came the rain in perfect sheets, the clouds opening and appearing to mingle in one continuous stream with the lake, which, lashed by the increasing wind, was rising in

great waves that dashed our little boat about like a cockle-shell upon a puddle. In the midst of this storm we passed the "Seven" in two boats, making their way up to Quickjock, and I cannot say I envied them, with ladies in an open boat, on such an occasion. They were creeping under the shore to find shelter from the furious rain, while we put in as soon as possible at the little settlement of Tjomatis south, nearly opposite its namesake, a larger "by," on the opposite side of the lake.

Making for the house as soon as we could land, having covered our traps with waterproofs and left them in the boat, which was hauled ashore, we were welcomed by the proprietress, and asked two questions, which were inevitable: first, were we wet? second, should we like some coffee?

H. was damp, to say the least, the rain having beaten through his umbrella on to his light linen coat, his waterproof being spread over his legs; but I had not fared so badly, my umbrella being more weather-proof. My feet and legs were protected by my long boots, while one corner of my mackintosh, not appropriated for keeping the luggage dry, had kept the rain off where it drifted under the umbrella. Nevertheless, I was

not so guiltless of dampness as before the storm, and by no means regretted the opportunity of taking shelter.

The room into which we were shown was about twelve feet square, with a large, a *very* large, family circle of mosquitoes enjoying themselves in the windows. On these gentry we at once waged war, keeping the door well closed to prevent the entry of further levies of the enemy. Then our hostess lighted a fire in the open stove, and shortly produced coffee, delicious as usual, but boiling hot.

Imagine the circumstance. A hot day of the hottest month in the year, a room twelve feet square with closed door and windows, and a flaring fire large enough to roast a joint for a family of twenty. Add to this the exertion of killing mosquitoes, which are precious nimble when driven into a corner, and bear also in mind that we were drinking hot coffee. I think it is unnecessary to say that we found it warm. The thermometer must have been at 140° in that room: we were simply stewed.

The Swedes never say that they are *hot*—warm is the proper word; but if they become in the slightest degree chilly they are *frozen*, "which is absurd," as Euclid remarks.

Although there were about this little house evidences of the extreme poverty which is characteristic of the country, yet we saw two handsome old silver "bägare," or drinking cups, in the room; indeed, we drank milk out of them. Some of these articles of *vertu* are very antique, and appear to have been handed down as heirlooms for many generations, these families being as old as amongst our own yeomanry class. How they originally became possessed of such valuables is doubtful, but certain it is you find them in every family. It was suggested to me that most of these things are loot, obtained during the Thirty Years' War, which so much enriched Sweden in this respect; but I have misgivings on that head.

So soon as the fury of the storm had somewhat abated we left the Tjomatis oven and re-embarked, first refreshing our rowers, who were thoroughly drenched, with some schnapps, which they appreciated immensely. The clouds cleared away, and again the sun was shining with full power.

As we made our way steadily over the now somewhat disturbed surface of Lake Skalka, we were delighted with the sight of the most magnificently gorgeous rainbow that the mind can

conceive. Springing on one hand from the strip of low-lying coast, on the other it dipped into the waters of the lake, forming a *perfect* arch of the richest and most gloriously vivid tints, so effulgent and beautiful as to look absolutely solid, like bands of brilliant silk or glowing lustrous metal stretched across the pure, deep blue dome of heaven. The reflection also, or second arch, was very fine, but its glory paled before the superbly rich original.

At seven o'clock we came once more to Björkholmen.* It may be remembered that we had not been well satisfied with this station on our former visit; hence we resolved this time, on the recommendation of our boatmen, not to try the gästgifvaregård at which we had supped on the previous occasion, but to put up at the other and bigger house. Accordingly we repaired thither and ordered dinner.

The room being much larger than the inn can boast, we thought we had done wisely in coming here. There were shoals of mosquitoes, however, and to kill them was a work of time. We killed dozens, we destroyed hundreds, the slaughter was perfectly terrific—we must have killed thousands,

* The definite article in Swedish is shown by the affix "*en*" (neuter "*et*"); hence, while "Björkholm" means "Birch Island," "Björkholm*en*" signifies "*The* Birch Island."

and still there they were, as numerous as ever. This fact caused us to institute an inquiry into the reason of the thing. *That* was soon apparent. There was a hole in the wall, which leaked mosquitoes as a rotten roof leaks rain in a shower; and the worst of it was we could not stop the leak. What is incurable must be made endurable, so we simply grinned and bore it.

Our dinner here was a marvel of the culinary art. Item—roast meat, very gristly, but not tough, and utterly tasteless. I believe it was cat, but H. declared it was dog, and declined to eat it. Accordingly, we fell back on our private stores, and dined off cold tongue and plum pudding. A pudding was given us in addition to the meat, but Soyer himself would have been puzzled to say of what it was composed. It was a kind of batter, very sour and very unpalatable; but no matter, we did not eat it. I beg to add, for the benefit of the experienced reader, that it was *not filbunke*, nor anything like it: we met with that luxury later on.

The rain, which had come on again in torrents while we were dining, lasted but a short time, and we got out of doors afterwards. At the inn we found the Englishman located, he having left Njavi the previous day; and in the matter of

dinner he fared far better than we, regaling himself on fresh fish and pancakes, the latter delicacy being admirably made. The good old hostess at once invited us to join his repast, placing chairs with a "Var så god, om ni behagar." But we had dined already.

This was the only occasion on which I heard the expression "*Om ni behagar*" used during the time I was in Sweden. It signifies "If you please;" but owing to the peculiar custom which ordains it an act of impoliteness to address a person as "you," it is very seldom used. Intimate friends and relations say "*du*" (thou), but the general habit is to employ the whole name and title in addressing a slight acquaintance or stranger. "Will Mr. Smith be so good *and* pass me the mustard?" "Is Major Brown tired after his walk?" "Has Count Jones got change for a dollar in his purse?" "Would Baron Robinson like a change of air?"

If there is a title, be sure it will be used; indeed, if you happen to be a carpenter you will be addressed as "Carpenter A.," or a tinker as "Tinker B.," but a plain Mr. is always addressed by letter as the "Honourable." Of the latter, we, at any rate, ought not to complain, since the wretched snobbery of our own nation induces

the use of the affix "Esquire" to every huckster and nameless nobody without even a grandfather.

Shortly after ten o'clock we went to bed, as very severe work was before us, and rest was desirable. But as to sleeping, such a thing was almost out of the question. In the first place the room was intensely hot, and had we wished it never so much, we could not have opened the windows, as they are not capable of being opened. Then the mosquitoes made music around us the whole night. Tobacco smoke being ineffectual against them, we at length put on our veils as a last resource, and tried to sleep in spite of the enemy. With a sheet only as covering it was intensely hot, and the idea of leaving even a toe exposed was to incur the certainty of a day of torment on the morrow, from the intolerable itching of the bites which would inevitably have been inflicted. There was no clock to mark the hours: had there been we should have heard twelve strike long before a wink of sleep weighed down our eyelids. But then another wakening cause arose. The rain came again in perfect torrents, roaring on the roof, and pouring off in noisy, splashing waterfalls from the corners of the house, the two combined causes keeping up a din that made sleep an utter impossibility.

Björkholmen on our first visit was far from being a pleasant island—now it was simply intolerable; for what with the heat, the noisy and troublesome mosquitoes, the more noisy and hardly less troublesome rain, and the continual splash, splash, splash of the water running off the roof and falling into the pools it formed below, we did nothing more than doze the whole night through, and when morning at length came were glad to leave couches on which we had had little rest and no sleep, and to make the best of our way from an island so entirely given over to the tiresome mosquito and its monotonous music.

CHAPTER XIII.

Bad Accommodation at Björkholm—Mercenary old Woman at Parkijaur—Superstition—We buy Pearls—Vaikijaurby and its Green Peas—Our curious Vägvisare—The Way to Ligga—A *Kalt Källare*—Exchange of Boots—Arrive at Ligga.

THE morning's ablutions at Björkholm were performed in the most primitive manner, a tin pannikin on a chair being the best substitute for a washstand that the establishment could produce. A cup of coffee was all the refreshment we indulged in before starting on our lake voyage again.

It was a bright, fresh morning, the clouds playing with the mountain-tops, but evidently not intending to rain any more, although a family of swallows, twittering round a shed facing the house, could not settle their minds on that point.

Our boat was to have been ready at seven o'clock; nevertheless, such is the want of punctuality of all things in Sweden, it was past eight ere we started. Waiting for the final prepara-

tions, I had taken out my pocket-book to jot down a note, when, turning round, I observed that I was an object of much attention—"the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," in fact. Being Sunday morning, I presume the whole family was at home; at any rate, a goodly number of faces were arrayed in the window, eagerly watching every movement of so extraordinary a creature as an Englishman. The casement was literally full of faces, each striving to obtain the best view; and I have no doubt the comments passed were original in the extreme. However, they could not be gratified with the exhibition for long; the boat was waiting, and we must start; so, shaking hands with the whole family circle, many of whom made their first appearance for this express purpose, we bid adieu to Björkholm and its mosquitoes.

A pull of one mile and we gained the land; but here we had a terrible walk, the torrents of rain having reduced the road, hilly as it was, to a mere bog the whole way, in many parts over the ankles. The rapids roared beside us as we made our way down to Lake Parkijaur, seeming to have increased strength from the heavy rain. Our boatmen said that, with an empty boat, they could shoot these rapids, but they would not

undertake it unless the boat were empty. In this quality the Swedes are far exceeded by the Finns, who care nothing for either falls or rapids, making their passengers lie down in the bottom of the boat, while they, in the most intrepid manner, steer the frail craft amongst rocks that spring up in vast numbers, threatening destruction every moment should the merest touch occur. Yet one seldom hears of accidents among those people.

At the head of the lake we found a boat in readiness, and so onward again, and to land at Parkijaur.

Here an old woman, apparently proprietress of the cottage, said there was not such a thing as a boat to be had—a statement which I disbelieved, and was not sorry I had taken that liberty, for, on going down to the beach, I saw three good boats drawn up.

"What do you mean, you old sinner?" I said, coming back and taxing the old hag with falsehood. "There are three boats down there."

"Ja sâ-â-â!" she replied. "But one is leaky, and one has come from Randijaurby, and the other *is mine!*"

This was too much, but of course I perceived

the drift of her argument: she could *loan* us the boat if we liked.

I gave her fifty öre (about sixpence-halfpenny), and her joy was unbounded. She grasped my hand, and shook it tremendously, declaring that her poor boat was entirely at our service and "*tackar ödmjukast.*"

At this place, as at Björkholm, the mosquitoes were in swarms, so that we were not sorry to be once again on the water, where the atmosphere was comparatively free from them. On the broad bosom of Lake Randijaur we indulged in our breakfast, consisting of the remains of our cake, with half the bottle of claret not yet consumed; and I can say that on few occasions have I found greater relish in the matutinal repast.

Having refreshed our boatmen with some pomerans, they became communicative, telling us of an old Lapp, resident up here, who has the power of stopping a flow of blood with a word, though the patient be twenty miles away. This is a melancholy relic of superstition, but I am pleased to say the only instance of the kind with which I met.

At the lower end of Lake Randijaur we put into a miserable "by" called Lulekets, consisting of three or four poor wooden buildings,

mere sheds, having the appearance of outhouses belonging to some larger edifice which has no existence. Here we took on board an old woman, an abnormally ugly girl of about thirteen or fourteen, and a preternaturally ragged urchin; the two former being our oarsmen for the next lake, the latter having no apparent object in coming, beyond, I presume, a wish to "see the world."

There are two principal islands in the next lake, Purkijaur—"Granholmen," and that on which the "by" stands, pleasantly remembered as the scene of our *al fresco* lunch. To the latter we paid a visit in passing, with the object of buying some pearls from the fishers. Here we found the whole family congregated, resting in their best clothes, for the Sabbath. I trust their opinion of the two foreign strangers who travelled on a Sunday was not too uncharitable. At our request they produced their stock of pearls, mostly pink, enough to cover the bottom of the small saucer in which they were placed. These they offered us for ninety dollars (five pounds). None of them were specially good; they are small seed pearls like the Scotch, and their price seemed high. Six of very good lustre I selected and purchased, but I did not obtain

them much cheaper than they can be bought in London. I fancy they are not known in the London market, all found in the Pearl river (Perlelfven), which runs into Purkijaur, being sent to Russia, where they command a good price, or to Stockholm, in which town they are better appreciated than in the English metropolis.

A boat was waiting for us at the head of the next lake, and we were off again immediately; but now, instead of returning to Jockmock, we were going to alter our course, and steer for Vaikijaurby, on the north-east of the lake, there to commence our great pedestrian excursion up to the alleged largest waterfall in Europe, Njâmmelsaska.

Arrived at Vaikijaurby we ordered dinner—it was five o'clock—and asked for a "vägvisare," or guide, to go with us to Ligga, a small place on the upper Luleå river, where we were to sleep that night. Both were forthcoming. This is an interesting and pretty little "by," and we were much pleased with our entertainment and the attention we received from the worthy people. It was amusing to see in the bit of garden-ground beside the house three or four *green peas* about five inches high, trained with

the most delicate care to grow over some twigs, perhaps a foot tall, which looked like part of those yellow carpet-brooms one sees housemaids manœuvring with. One twig was devoted to each plant, and they were evidently regarded as great curiosities here, as was evidenced by the extra care bestowed on them.

Our way now lay through a forest, through which there was a track, and that was all, a lake in the centre having to be crossed. The vägvisare said the boat was the *other* side of this lake, which meant that we must discover some means of bringing it over, or find our way round —a détour which would have cost us an extra hour's walk. To avoid this latter unpleasant contingency, we at once dispatched a "bärare," or light porter, with such small articles as we should require on the way, packed in H.'s carpet bag, to go down to the lake, and bring the boat across in readiness for our coming. Then we thought of dinner.

Some fried "gädde," or pike, and new potatoes, the first of the season (5th August), and not too superexcellent in flavour, formed our repast, which we attacked with a will; for we had had nothing all day, with the exception of a cup of coffee early in the morning, and some

claret and cake at twelve o'clock, having walked also about seven or eight miles. Some sea-fowls'* eggs were served up also, but one requires the palate of a Swede to eat them, their flavour is so intensely strong; while as sweets we had "filbunke." The latter is sour milk, very thick, and in consistency like badly melted glue, pulling out in long strings. To eat it—I was going to say "to make it palatable," but I defy you to do that—you stir it up a great deal, and mix with it powdered sugar and ginger. Open your mouth very wide, think about something else, and perhaps you will like it.

At seven o'clock, led by our guide—a curious little man with a halt in his walk, owing to a stiff knee and some deformity of one foot—we started on our way. For about three hundred yards there was a decently good pathway between the fields; then we came to a slight descent over rough ground covered with tremendous boulders, some of them four or five feet in diameter, leading down to a brawling and noisy torrent, through which we had partially to wade, and for the rest to jump from rock to rock. To this work I went with great caution, having, in attempting to cross a part of the Tarrajock at

* The wild birds of the lakes are termed "sea-fowl" (*sjö fogel*).

Quickjock, learnt how strongly a stream three inches deep can run. I had put my foot in such a stream up there, and immediately been thrown down on the hard rocks from the force with which my footing was torn away, only just escaping a thorough drenching by falling towards the bank instead of the river. Here, however, we met with no mishap, crossing with great ease and comfort, and resuming our walk through the forest track. Our guide, who was, as H. expressed it, "*en rolig göke*," "a jolly cuckoo" (the Swedish equivalent of our own expression, "an amusing rascal"), was full of how the last visitors up here had fared, Prince Oscar and his suite having visited the locality in the previous summer. I am sorry to say that this pusillanimous prince was mean enough to ride on horseback the greater part of the way, instead of walking like a man and a tourist, as he pretended to be. Thanks to our predecessor, however, the road was very plain, the trees having been barked especially, and bad crossings over bogs repaired, in order that this young gentleman should not lose his way. I wish Prince Oscar would make it convenient to have every bad track in Sweden set in order before we are up there again.

Across an extensive bog, so soon as we were clear of the forest, the way being over long poles laid across the yielding surface, to slip from which would not have been comforting, and we came to the foot of a mountain thickly covered with the dark pines,* which looked mysterious in the dull light of the heavy, cloudy evening. It was a tremendous pull to surmount this barrier in our way, nor was it until an hour and a half after leaving Vaikijaurby that we arrived at its summit. There we were met by a reindeer, which kept company with us for some considerable distance, striking off at last and disappearing in the forest among the dark and dismal pine-trees. The evening was cool, and we were congratulating ourselves on the absence of mosquitoes, the guide having remarked that the air was "entirely free from myggs," when, as if to mock us, down they came in clouds, and down, consequently, came our veils, much to our discomfort. Going down the opposite side of the mountain was easier work than ascending; nevertheless we were by no means sorry to come to a "kalt källare," a little spring in a leafy glen, and quench our thirst from the crystal fountain. Not daring

* The word "pine," used indiscriminately, should occasionally be deemed to signify "fir" as well.

to raise our veils, we were compelled to drink through the material.

Soon Anajaur, the intercepting lake, came in view, and in a moment we met our bärare, who had brought down our fardel and made the boat ready for us. Now H. had come away without a pair of Lapp boots, which he was beginning to regret. In Vaikijaurby he had taken off the boots he had worn so far, and in their place put on a more ancient pair; "an admirable plan," said he, "for they have holes in them, and when we cross the bogs and marshes all the water that comes *in* will be able to run *out* again." As a theory this no doubt was admirable, but in practice he soon found that, like the boots themselves, it would not hold water; consequently he effected an exchange with the bärare, who had a good pair of Lapp boots, coming to the tops of the ankles, where they were bound round with a long woollen or cloth band; and in these he got on well enough. On the margin of Anajaur is a broad marsh, which we had to cross, for a distance of five or six hundred yards, on the poles laid down to form a firmer footing than the soft ground allows. Over the whole of this bog-land the Arctic raspberry was growing in the wildest profusion, the little red and yellow fruit contrast-

ing with the brilliant green of the mosses and lichens most beautifully. As we came down to the lake a flight of ducks rose from the reedy shore, and winged their way over the water to an island in the centre of the lake. To sit in the little boat on the cool lake, after an arduous walk of seven or eight miles, was deliciously refreshing. As we crossed, the sun was going down, a long streak of fire under the dull purple-grey clouds showing where he had sunk to rest.

A pull of a little over a mile and we came to land again. More hills, more bogs, more hard toiling upwards, and we arrived at the top of another mountain. The lake we had just crossed lies one thousand feet above the sea, so that here we must have been at a considerable elevation. But we had to descend again; and at length, after a journey of nearly five hours, arrived at Ligga or Anajock, itself at the top of a hill, and on a little river which rushes in a series of falls down from the lake to the Luleå river, whose surface, below Ligga, is under four hundred feet over the sea. Here was a descent of more than six hundred feet, consequently, for the Ana to make.

Ligga consists of two houses and a few barns. In the best of the former we found night quarters

in a room ten feet square, boasting one bed only. H. slept on reindeer skins on the floor, which formed a splendid couch, quite as comfortable as any bed, and which were very welcome, for we had walked over twenty miles in the course of the day.

CHAPTER XIV.

Start for Njommelsaska — Wild Scenery—We Breakfast — Reach the "Largest Waterfall in Europe"—Noise of the Falls heard Thirty Miles away—We Lunch and return Homewards—Find a Knife—Reach Ligga rather tired—Dine off Fried Fish and start again for Vaiki.

On the following morning we were up betimes, and at seven o'clock, after indulging in a cup of coffee, started for the mighty waterfall. The roar of the river Ana, dashing over the rocks on its course to the upper Luleå river, made music for us as we picked our way down a tremendously steep path to the river-side. The vägvisare who had accompanied us on the previous evening from Vaikijaurby had only undertaken to show the way as far as Ligga, consequently we now had a fresh guide—our host, in point of fact, from the tiny cottage in which we had rested during the night. I say rested, for we certainly did not sleep much, the heat and mosquitoes combining, as at Björkholm,

to keep us awake, and the latter obliging us to wear our veils all night.

In a little cove on the river-bank we found a small boat, just big enough to carry the three of us across the stream, which here is wide and tremendously powerful, our vägvisare (who was an old man, more Lapp than Swede, hardly talking even the latter language) rowing the shaky little bark. He was a strange old fellow, with long black hair, dark complexion, and a face utterly void of expression, its grim stolidity seldom changing, and the little pipe between his lips never being removed, whether it contained tobacco or not. His very slight knowledge of Swedish made him appear, perhaps, more uncommunicative than nature had formed him; he seemed to know there was a certain task before him, and to stick at it as persistently as a barrel-organ will keep to its one tune so long as you turn the handle. "Very few people came up here," he told us; "Captain B." (whom we met coming away from Quickjock) "had been up this year, but no one else, and Prince Oscar had been up the previous season; he did not remember any others in the two years. His memory took him back to a year in which an old Englishman had travelled this road, and he was sorely tired,

but he was an old man. *No other Englishman had ever been up,*" he said. The guide from Vaiki had told us the same. He was a man of very different temperament from this old fellow, and he had laughed at the way in which the "gammal Engelskman" had been tired after his walk.

On the opposite side of the river the scenery changed. The trees were more thinly planted, and a sort of pathway was visible for some distance. This, however, we soon lost, picking our way, to a great extent, by the trees, which were marked with an axe-stroke; while occasionally the old man seemed to lead by instinct alone, for no signs of road were visible. The way was almost entirely uphill and through the forest, where the mosquitoes came round us in perfect clouds, without any exaggeration. Between us and the fall lay a tall mountain called Ananas, or Pine-apple, possibly from its shape and the fearfully rugged nature of its sides, which we had to cross, not, however, going to its extreme summit, but skirting round as much as possible. Here again, as we made our way, a reindeer came out and accompanied us a considerable distance, striking off at length, as the others had done, for some imaginary cause, and disappear-

ing with surprising rapidity. It was a toilsome and terrible work to ascend that gigantic pine-apple, and never shall I forget the walk or the wondrous wildness of the surrounding scenery. Nature here seemed utterly untamed. Gigantic trees torn up bodily by the roots, in some cases pulling with them vast masses of earth, here and there barred our progress, and had to be scrambled over, showing in the most tangible manner with what terrific violence the wind rages over this part of the country. Passing such obstacles as these, we came to rocky plateaux, where some awful convulsion of nature had rent the strong granite into fragments, leaving great chasms yawning in our path; and then, arriving at the side of a stream, we had to make our way downwards some distance to find a fordable point. Farther on, and ground of indescribably awful stoniness had to be traversed, then through marshy land, which gave with every step, letting the foot sink in above the ankle. Once again we descended, this time right down to the river, whose side we followed some distance, half wading and half climbing along the bank, forcing our way through the undergrowth, and scrambling over projecting rocks and tree-roots cropping up now and again.

With about ten miles of this sort of thing we began to feel somewhat weary, not having breakfasted; so we made a halt and attacked our comestibles. A little bread and tongue, with a draught of milk and brandy, refreshed us immensely, and off we went again, now adding to the terrific roughness of the way the inconvenience of a drizzling rain, which beat up in our faces, disregarding umbrellas entirely. Up another tall incline, stony, rough, wild, rocky, marshy, alternating in every degree of badness which can constitute a passable country, another descent, and then the last upward journey. Fortunately the rain ceased, and about mid-day the sun burst out, playing a game of hide-and-seek with the clouds that scurried over the sky.

All the way the roar of the river had sounded in our ears, increasing in power as we progressed, and soon, above the rush of the water below us, over the rocky bed of the stream, was distinguishable the thunder of the great fall we were approaching—a low, dull, sullen, growling noise, that filled the whole atmosphere with its volume, and could be heard miles away.

For some time a far-away point standing out in the purple distance had been visible; it was our goal, and frowned above Njommelsaska.

Nearer and nearer it drew, until at length we came up to it, but on the opposite side of the river. This was the object of our toilsome journey, for below us was the fall, its deafening thunder roaring in our ears, and its spray rising up as a cloud before us.

The great Luleå river, in its passage down from its source, forms a vast lake nearly a hundred miles long, called by the Lapps Pajlc-plolijujaur, or the great Luleå lake, which being confined at one point to a breadth of something under two hundred feet, pours over a deep rocky ledge in one vast mass, forming the gigantic fall of Njåmmelsaska,* or Harsprånget, so called from a fancied resemblance to a hare's leg, which the form of the stream makes. The former name is the Lapp, the latter the Swedish, both signifying the same thing.

The first sight of the falls from the top of the cliff, rising about a hundred and fifty feet or more, is very magnificent. A small rocky island divides the stream ere it casts itself with terrific force down a depth of sixty or seventy feet, where it seems to half rise again in a vast cloud

* The name is spelt either with the "å" or "o" indifferently. Similarly Gellivare is written with the final vowel "a" or "e." Swedish orthography is so uncertain, that it is impossible to say which of these forms is the more correct.

of mist, in which the sun forms innumerable rainbows. Below this first fall is a second of less magnitude, and after this the river dashes onward for several hundred yards in a mass of foam and mist, falling, ere it comes to calmer waters, a total distance of over two hundred feet; then it rushes forward in a mad stream, descending many yards more in its course before Ligga is reached.

The author of "Lappland, dess Natur och Folk" appears to have been overwhelmed with the magnificence of this cataract, calling it "one of the wonders of the world" in his admiration, and affirming that it is the biggest waterfall in Europe, not on account of its height, but from the immense body of water which pours over the rocky ledge into the basin below; and he asserts that its roar can be heard, like rumbling thunder, at Gellivara Dunder, a mountain lying more than thirty miles away as the crow flies. The latter allegation I can readily believe, having in view the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere, and the known properties of a thin air like this of conveying sounds to a great distance.

Lost in admiration, we stood and gazed on this magnificent fall until its charms began to pall, and the silent monitor within made its voice

heard above the thunder of the waters. Nature is grand, but the cries of hunger entirely nullify one's appreciation of the picturesque for the moment.

Here, resting above the fall, we made a comfortable lunch, eating our cold tongue with a relish, and quaffing copious libations of milk first, from the two large bottles we had brought with us, and, when this was exhausted, falling back on the crystal water of the gigantic river flowing below us. The vägvisare had provided himself with nothing but knäckebröd and a small piece of reindeer meat for his own consumption, and seemed wondrously rejoiced at receiving about a foot of Swedish sausage, which he devoured with quiet satisfaction.

After a rest of something under an hour we turned our backs on the great fall, having first inscribed our names in the visitors' book; that is to say, cut off a piece of bark from one of the trees, and made a signature in pencil on the white wood. There were about a dozen other such autographs on the trees around.

Turning our backs on the great waterfall, we commenced to retrace our steps towards Ligga, first descending the cliff to the river-bank, which we reached about a mile from the fall, and there

crossing the stream in a small boat, that we found drawn up on the bank for the convenience of travellers. When we were landed on the opposite shore a knife and belt, such as every Swede carries, attracted our attention lying on the ground. In a moment the guide named its owner, knowing that it could belong but to the one party who had been up here before us—Captain B. and his vägvisare. The old man undertook to restore it to its owner, who was another Liggaite. The honesty of these people is proverbial; in fact, throughout Sweden one never hears of anything but the most rigid and scrupulous respect for the distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*—a fact which may, in a great measure, be attributed to the absence of Roman Catholicism in the country: I do not say wholly, but partially to this cause.

Now our course lay through a country much less wild than that we had toiled over on the northern bank of the river, and our progress was far more rapid. The ground was comparatively smooth, not nearly so hilly, and well marked the whole way by the scoring of great notches in the sides of the trees. We covered the distance bravely, stopping of course, now and again, to drink at convenient streams, and

take a short rest, arriving back in Ligga after an absence of ten hours, the whole distance which we had walked in that time measuring about thirty miles.

Our old guide expressed himself done up, and heartily thankful that the journey was ended; for, said he, "another fjärdingsväg (a quarter of a Swedish mile) would have killed me." We also were tired, it must be confessed—who would not be after crossing such fearfully rugged country?—and were by no means sorry to lie down and rest. Our guide of the former day tended us with great care and solicitude, recommending a thousand things to refresh the fatigued traveller, and inquiring if we had walked enough for that day. He took our boots off and renewed the hay in them, drying them well, and preparing them for further service. And now we saw the excellence of these boots. The hay was damp, certainly, but although we had passed through bogs, marshes, and parts of the river, now wading, now splashing through wet moss, our feet were only damp; and, notwithstanding that we had traversed thirty miles of indescribably bad country, not a sign of a blister visible on our toes.

While the hostess, a handsome woman—one

of the few good-looking of her sex we saw in Sweden, for the female kind are intensely plain—was preparing us some refreshment, we bathed our feet with *eau de Cologne*, and reposed on the same couches as we had slept upon the previous night. A rest was very grateful.

Had I "gone my own gait," I should have remained at Ligga until the following morning, and perhaps have repented it afterwards; but H., who was then more tired than I, argued that if we stayed there, on the morrow we should be so stiff as to be unable to walk the two Swedish miles between us and Vaikijaurby. "It would be far better," said he, "to go on to-night, and then to-morrow we need only walk a short distance."

But I was hungry, and not amenable to this sort of reasoning.

"Is dinner ready?" I inquired in reply. In time, however, I came to see the thing in the same light as he did, and consented to go on. It must be remembered that previous to this, with the exception of the preceding day, we had hardly done any walking at all; hence the stiffness which we anticipated for the morrow was by no means an improbable result.

Some fried fish was the greatest luxury the

place could indulge us in, but this, followed by coffee, was very refreshing, although an English beefsteak would not have been altogether unacceptable under the circumstances. However, we had to "take the goods the gods provided," and be content, there being no alternative. Still, to walk thirty miles and have nothing but fresh-water fish afterwards, and then start on another walk of twelve or thirteen miles, is rather an undertaking. But "as one makes one's bed——"

After a rest of three hours at Ligga, we once more, at eight o'clock in the evening, set out on our journey back to Vaikijaur, taking with us our two bottles full of milk for refreshment on the way, and being led by our good friend of the previous day, who hobbled cheerily along, aided by his long walking staff, keeping up a constant chatter—now about the visit of the Prince, who might have been higher in his estimation; now about the "gammal Engelskman," who had walked from Ligga to Njommelsaska and back again, and been so tired as hardly to be able to crawl the last part of the journey; and then about our own achievements as pedestrians, which seemed rather to please him, for a Swede never walks more than four miles in a day (under thirty English miles).

CHAPTER XV.

Tramping again—Want of Means of Locomotion—Statistics—A Dull Evening—Arrival at Vaikijaur—Rather tired—Forty Miles walked—Sleep well—Start for Jockmock—Arrive at Smäs—An old Acquaintance—Through the Forest—Pajerim and Punch.

As we toiled up the hill from Ligga towards Anajaur our friends the mosquitoes sang a jubilee around us. We had assuredly seen enough of these miscreants already, but they would not leave us: for thirteen hours they had now been in attendance, and showed no signs of being tired, their voices ever fresh and clear. When we had stopped to lunch they had buzzed around us in such swarms, that to have removed our veils would have been simple madness; consequently we had been obliged to smuggle each morsel furtively to our mouths, and drink through the material of our veils. Surely they might have left us for these last few miles.

Much we regretted that there were no means of obtaining conveyance across the piece of country lying between us and our destination, but as walking we knew was the only way to

get to Vaikijaur—unless we waited for winter and took a sledge—we stuck to the task we had ordained for ourselves. The means of conveying provisions to these remote localities is a sore difficulty, the rivers being mostly innavigable, owing to the number of falls and rapids, and no roads existing north of Jockmock. The reindeer and sledge are the only things the inhabitants have to fall back upon, and as these are, of course, impracticable in the summer months, winter is the season for traffic. For this cause it is fortunate winter is so long. Snow generally falls some time at the latter part of September, and, once down, never melts again until April or May, and does not entirely disappear until the end of June; so that the traffic of the district is not interrupted for very long.

It has been reckoned that one thousand people in the Gellivara district, lying to the north of Ligga, require annually the following:—

500	centner*	of Flour.
200	„	Salt.
200	„	Iron.
100	„	Coffee.
50	„	Sugar.
50	„	Drapery and clothing.
20	„	Spirituous liquors.
20	„	Tobacco.
160	„	Bricks, glass, and sundries.

* Twenty-four centner are equal to one ton English.

The whole of these things have to be carried beyond Storbacken by reindeer sledge, at a cost of about two thousand dollars, which is considerable, and equal to two dollars a year carriage for each person, for what may be called *extra* necessaries of life, the country itself producing some crops and contributing towards the people's existence. The above statistics are rather curious. It will be noticed in what large proportions salt, coffee, and sugar are consumed; the first being necessary for the due preservation of meat and fish, and the second being the representative of intoxicating drinks in other parts of the country. How these unfortunate people manage to exist at all is a mystery.

The hilly path up to the lake seemed to have doubled in raggedness since we last traversed it, but we crossed it in time, and once again beheld the waters of Anajaur, and the little boat drawn up as we had left it the previous evening. The rest in crossing the lake was very grateful, but it was short, and soon we were marching again. Over the great bog beside the lake, with its wondrous profusion of Arctic raspberries, up the stony path to the "kalt källare," where we had refreshed ourselves on the way down, and then on again; now resting a few moments to take

breath, then for the purpose of applying to the milk and brandy.

The season of perpetual light was now growing towards its wane, added to which it was a dull, cloudy evening, so that towards twelve o'clock the light was so dim that we had to walk through the forests with care, to prevent stumbling over obstacles in the path, or slipping over the treacherous ground. It was still far from dark, but the light was not sufficient to make what little path there was very perceptible under the shade of the trees.

At length, as we crawled wearily over a great marsh, the distant rush of the torrent near Vaikijaur greeted our ears, and in half an hour more we came to a little bridge over the river, having returned by a path less hilly, but a fraction longer, than that by which we had gone to Ligga on the previous evening. How welcome was the sight of the torrent! We stood on the bridge and envied the water its freshness as it danced and leaped beneath us over the rocky bed of the stream.

At last, however, we were home again in Vaikijaur, tremendously tired, it must be confessed; and I think that is not surprising, seeing that we had walked a good six Swedish miles,

which a very simple calculation shows to be *over* forty English miles.

It was half-past twelve o'clock when we reached the cottage, and in half an hour more were comfortably in bed. What a joy it was to slip between the sheets, and lie at full length on the soft couch! But we had no time to think about it—in five minutes we were sound asleep.

To walk forty miles over a decent road is a fair average pedestrian achievement; but when you come to march in boots reaching above your knees, and wearing a veil and gloves, through country that hardly boasts even a track, and almost exceeds one's wildest ideas of roughness and desolation, I think it may be conceded that it is not surprising one should be a little tired. In favour of the Lapp boots I will add this: I went the whole distance without so much as a blister.

It was eleven o'clock on the following morning when we awoke, and half-past ere we rose, stiff certainly, but equal to the day's work which lay before us. Our object now was to get down to Edefors by twelve o'clock on the following day, in order to take advantage of the steamer as far as Hednoret. To accomplish this we had to travel three or four miles over the

lake, about thirty along the road, and some twelve or fourteen on the lower Luleå river. This sounds little enough to the civilised world, but in a country where means of locomotion are few, it is as much as can be done in the time with comfort.

For our breakfast we made some tea, literally frightening our hostess with its strength, for the Swedes do not make the infusion one quarter as strong as the English are accustomed to drink; and an admirable thing it proved under the circumstances, refreshing and invigorating us at the same time. Some fish from the lake afforded us an admirable repast, and at one o'clock we were once more *en route*. On arriving the previous night, or rather early that morning, we had given directions for a "bud," or messenger, to be dispatched first thing to procure horses for us on the way, so that on this score we had no anxiety.

When we left this pretty little "by" a strong wind was blowing, rousing the waters of the lake, and causing great waves to dash up against the sides of the boat, and drive us away from our direct course; but in our quaint "vägvisare" and his son we had admirable oarsmen, who carried us well over the troubled waters, not

however, without shipping more water than one would relish over a new hat.

Thank Heaven! there were no mosquitoes; the wind was too much for them.

We landed at Luspi, making our way thence to Jockmock, where we indulged in coffee, and so on to Notudden, at which place we took boat for Smäs, the home of our friend Isaac Isaacson. Here in good time we arrived, but were amazed to see the horses we had ordered quietly grazing on the opposite side of the river, instead of awaiting us. More than an hour was wasted in bringing the animals over and preparing a gig for us, with a cart to carry our luggage. The latter was most unnecessary, but, as the people positively refused to allow one horse to carry us and about thirty pounds of luggage, we were forced to let them have their own way. I cannot even now, however, understand why it seemed so essential for *two* men to ride in the cart with the "kont" and carpet bag containing the few necessary articles we had brought with us. Such of our provisions as we had not consumed had been left with our hostess at Vaikijaurby; so that the weight of our fardel was materially reduced since the former occasion of our travelling this road.

In the meantime an old acquaintance espied us, and came up to see how we fared: it was the ancient Lapp whom we had seen before, and who apparently was living with the estimable Isaac. He approached us with slow and solemn demeanour, carefully disposed his long staff under one arm, and then, taking his hat in both hands, surveyed us critically. We watched him with curiosity, anticipating some mysterious ceremony, but it never came, and the following conversation was the upshot:—

"Purrist!" said he gravely.

"Huru stor det till, gubba?" we replied.

"Tolf skilling," he continued, "tolf skilling. Liten penningar, herrar."

("Good day!"

"How d'ye do, old man?"

"Twelve shillings, twelve shillings. A little money, gentlemen.")

His wishes were easily gratified, when he crawled silently away, and we adjourned, at Fru Isaacson's request, to her cottage, and partook of coffee before starting: the estimable and illustrious Isaac was not visible.

With capital horses we went merrily along the way through the silent forest, and having the descent of the hill now in our favour, we made

much better progress than we had in coming up. The mosquitoes again began to appear, compelling us to draw down our veils; but they came only in small numbers. There were also a few gadflies visible, slowly winging their way, stopping, when opportunity offered, to bite anything living. They are disagreeable insects, their bite drawing blood. Large quantities of a bigger insect—horse-flies, I fancy—about two inches long, were to be seen, one moment circling round one's ears, the next far off in the forest, or settled on some weed.

The road was as desolate as when we had passed over it before, with the one exception that we met a peasant walking up towards Jockmock; but its wildness is nothing to compare with the forest up between Ligga and Njommelsaska. Occasional patches of charred ground, the scenes of recent fires, dot the wayside, where scorched and blackened stumps stand up to mark the place that has been the home of some mighty tree; but there is no sign of life or civilisation between the stations on the way.

After a long but rapid drive we arrived, at half-past eight in the evening, at Pajerim, at which *ställe* we intended resting for the night. Contrasting this with the stations higher up the

country, its luxuriance is something astounding. The floor is painted, the chairs are stuffed, there is a real couch, and a "kakelungn," or stove; in fact, altogether, the grandeur of the place is overwhelming. We had brought some fresh eggs with us from Jockmock, but the jolting on the way proved more than their constitution could bear: when they were cooked and we were about to eat them, they presented an appearance anything but enticing, being completely addled and worthless. However, the establishment afforded us a very fair meal without them.

Pajerim is beyond the limit at which the sale of spirit is allowed, and here I suppose the host indulged in a practice which is customary on the arrival of all travellers from the north. He invited us to join him in a glass of punch. By no means reluctantly we did so, fancying the strong and sugary compound divine after more than a week's abstinence. Here is a melancholy theme for teetotalers!

CHAPTER XVI.

Drive to Storbacken—Great Pace of the Stream—Luxurious Repast at Swartlå—The *Gellivara*—Disappointment—Row to Säfvast—Drive to Gammal-staden—Danger of too Free Speech in Public—Familiar Objects—Luleå at last, and an early Sunrise.

We rose at five on the following morning, and, after a light breakfast, drove to Storbacken, where we arrived at eight o'clock. The weather was intensely dull, heavy grey clouds veiling the sky and excluding every glimmer of sunshine.

The floor of the modest little room at the inn was strewn with asp-leaves, producing an effect far from pleasing to the unaccustomed eye, the appearance being excessively untidy, and the odour disagreeably faint. After waiting half an hour while the rowers indulged in coffee, we started in a small boat for Edefors. Coming up stream, we had been about four hours pulling from Edefors to Storbacken; but now, in going the reverse way, the difference in speed was almost incredible, the whole distance being accomplished in less than half the time it had

taken on the previous occasion. To see the floating timbers carried down by the stream as fast as an ordinary boat can be rowed on smooth water is something astounding: what the pace must be when the river is flooded I should hardly dare to conjecture.

At Edefors we lunched, catching the little steamer at twelve o'clock, and proceeding south again. If the pace of the row-boat had been surprising, the speed at which this little steamer went with the stream was simply astounding, the banks of the river seeming to fly by as rapidly as do objects along a line of railway. I should imagine our rate must have been over twenty miles an hour, which is unprecedented for water-travelling.

At two o'clock we were once again in hospitable Swartlå, where the inspector of the Gellivara Company was in waiting, with an invitation for us to go up to his house and take a smörgås, which we, of course, readily accepted. The amount of hand-shaking on this occasion was something ludicrous. We shook hands on landing, again on entering the inspector's house, once more when we had lunched, a fourth time on going into the smoking-room, a fifth time on leaving the house, and a last and sixth time

on the pier!—and all in the space of an hour and a half. The luncheon with which we were regaled was something surprising after the deprivations which we had endured in the country to the north, and would in no way have disgraced a town (which Swartlâ is *not*) a thousand miles south of these latitudes. In the first place we had an admirable smörgâs, consisting of all the ordinary constituents, with the addition of cucumber—a great luxury up here; then came a roast duck and potatoes, and finally wild strawberries and cream, which we ate out of soup-plates with a table-spoon! The accompanying "whets" for the appetite were "pomerans," "rënat," and bottled beer; and when these were duly discussed, we adjourned to an adjoining room to partake of coffee and liqueur. The liqueurs mostly in use in Sweden are "Munk" and "Aya Pana," neither of which is common among us.

Swartlâ was busy over the hay crop, the first for the season having been garnered on the previous day.

At half-past three we were back again on board the little steamer, and racing down with the stream, past the numerous villages on the banks, past Bredâker, where ends the northern

road from Luleå, and within a mile of which a bear has killed five cows in the course of the summer, and at half-past five at Hednoret, where we make efforts at once to procure a horse to take us down to Robäcken.

It had been a matter of long discussion at Swartlå which would be the readiest mode of reaching Luleå from Robäcken. Failing the *Gellivara* from the latter place, there were two courses open to us—the first of which was to find a large boat, which would be much accelerated by spreading sails to the fine breeze then blowing, and would enable us to reach Luleå at about ten o'clock; the second, to cross the ferry, and so come to Boden, whence we could obtain horses, and drive all the way home, arriving, perhaps, at eleven. Thus H. and the inspector arranged; but as fortune—or perhaps I should rather say misfortune—would have it, we took neither course, for when we arrived at Robäcken we were annoyed to find that the wind had dropped. Sailing was then out of the question.

"Much better have gone to Boden," said H., who had favoured that route more than the other.

At that very moment we came in sight of the

landing-place, and lo! there was the *Gellivara* alongside. We might laugh at the wind, we thought, now; so paying our "chäs," and hurrying down the slope, we went on board.

"When are you off, Captain Swahn?" we inquired, as soon as we could discover this worthy.

"Well," he replied, "perhaps to-morrow morning, but most likely not till afternoon."

Another check! They had brought a lot of mats of rye flour up from Luleå, and were busy getting them ashore. Everything was in great confusion on board, so that we could not even obtain a glass of wine. We had wished to celebrate our return to civilisation with some of Moët's sparkling brand, but were compelled to abandon the idea, and to content ourselves with the national "punch," as the estimable captain did not know where the wines were stored, his wife—who, unfortunately, was not on board—being the restauratrice.

"Can we get a boat?" was our first inquiry; and the reply was cheering.

"Certainly."

"And rowers?"

"I'm afraid not."

A little talk, however, and a great deal of

thinking on the captain's part, elicited the fact that there were two men in Robäcken still unemployed, who might be willing to row us part of the way to Luleå; but a search of nearly an hour failed to produce more than one of them, and he an old fellow of close on seventy. We were not in a position to pick and choose, so we bid this old gentleman prepare his boat and see what he could do for us.

A little more delay, and we were once again afloat, the part of second oarsman being taken by a strapping lass of twenty, who was a marvel in her way, so far as regards power of endurance. She had worked all the previous day at some agricultural labour, sleeping from twelve o'clock until three that morning, when she had taken her place at a crane and worked up to the time being. Pulling in the boat she regarded as a sort of relaxation, and she said that she should go back to the crane and work away at the windlass again on returning to Robäcken, refreshing herself afterwards with a three hours' sleep, in preparation for the toil of the succeeding day. She was far from a handsome young woman—that, of course, goes without saying in Sweden—but the muscles displayed in her bare arms were power itself.

The row down the river was very beautiful in the mysterious, glimmering, red evening light, every crag and point of land, and every tree on the little birch-covered islands, reflected in the smoothly-running stream as distinctly as figures in a mirror.

Covering a Swedish mile of the river, we came to Säfvast, standing on an arm of the stream, which runs round a large island here. Hurrying ashore, we ordered a horse and gig to be prepared immediately; and in another half-hour were jogging along the rough sandy road, leaving behind us the primitive village, consisting apparently of the inn and its out-buildings alone. Fate certainly did not favour us. We had already lost a good hour and a half, if not more, and here we were toiling over the sand with a horse that cared no more for the whip than for vocal encouragements; it had made up its mind to have its own way, and no earthly inducement would alter its determination.

The evening grew darker and darker as we advanced, until, when we at length arrived at Gammal-staden, it was as dense as summer twilight, so that one could not have read fine print without a light. Here, in changing our horse and trap, there was another long delay, so that

before we were fairly off again it was past midnight. We had reckoned on being in Luleå by eleven!

H. amused me on this latter part of the journey with some of his own personal adventures, which, however, are hardly worth repeating, since he had never been farther away from his native country than North Germany. There was one occurrence which, as illustrating the danger of making personal observations in public, was rather droll. "We were going," said he, "by train from Kiel to Hamburg, three of us, and we secured a coupé, but just as the train was starting up hurried an old gentleman, and took the vacant fourth place. He was a curious-looking old man, dressed in an eccentric fashion, which to our mind proclaimed him at once as an Englishman. We could not travel so far together without conversing; accordingly one of us addressed him in English. He looked puzzled and shook his head. Then he must be a Frenchman, we thought, and spoke to him in that language, but again he could not comprehend. During a short pause the old gentleman produced a long porcelain pipe, which he calmly lighted and began to smoke. Now we at once discovered his nationality: he was a Dutchman.

"None of us understood Dutch, so the attempt to engage in conversation with the stranger was abandoned, and we amused ourselves on the way by cracking jokes at the old fellow's expense, and criticizing rather severely his quaint costume, laughing at his pipe and his Dutch stolidity. When we arrived at our destination the tables were rather turned on us. The old man took off his hat politely, and said in *Swedish*,—

"'Gentlemen, allow me to thank you for the amusement you have afforded me on the way, and to assure you that I have experienced some difficulty in preserving my Dutch equanimity. Like yourselves, I am a Swede!'

"Then the old fellow smiled affably and walked away, leaving us feeling remarkably small."

This no doubt proved a very salutary lesson; the consequences might have been considerably less agreeable.

As we advanced farther south the familiar objects on the way came one by one into view: Mjölkoberg lying calm and black in its surrounding woods; the tall red chimney of some oil works on the outskirts of the town; and lastly, Luleå itself, the governor's house, the white church, and the great school-house. Round the bay, as fast as our old horse can be made to go,

and we are in the sleeping town, seeing only one (or rather two) living object in the streets,—a horse drawing a chäs containing a citizen so far overcome with the lobster salad he had supped off as to be almost incapable of sitting upright, and wholly incapable of guiding his horse, which rattles along at a fine pace.

The sun is rising as we knock up the slumbering household, and at half-past one I am again in the hospitable house of the Gellivara Company's manager, H. having found his way to his own home down by the Telegraph Office.

Thus ended the *quickest* journey EVER MADE from Luleå to Quickjock and back, the whole time, including the walk to Njommelsaska, having occupied only nine days. Luleå had prophesied that we could not do the journey in ten or eleven days!

CHAPTER XVII.

Farewell to Luleå—A melancholy Parting—Facts for Geologists—Hudiksvall—Stockholm by Sunrise—Concert at Hasselbacken—The Göta Canal—Bad Weather—The Passengers—Travellers' Tales—Trollhättan after Dark—Quarrelsome Guides.

THE time for leaving quaint, interesting, and ever-to-be-pleasantly-remembered old Luleå was drawing near; but one whole day remained to us in the town. We arrived on the night of the 9th August, or the very early morning of the 10th, and our boat for Stockholm was to sail on the 11th at two o'clock. Our packing took but a short time, although my own personal effects, consisting in the first instance of three pieces, had swelled themselves to nine, owing to the numerous things which had accumulated about me, such as reindeer and bear skins, a cheese, a dried salmon, a tub of butter, and sundry other trophies. I will not say that all this luggage gave me trouble in returning to London, but this I know—I have always made it a rule to have as few impedimenta as possible; I will never

again break that rule, unless under *very* special circumstances.

An attempt to get some Luleå jewellery on my last day in the town proved abortive, both the jewellers having locked up their shops and gone out! I think I have mentioned that the shops differ in no way from private houses on the exterior, the stock being undisplayed until one is in the interior, nothing, in most cases, appearing in the windows, and shop-fronts being unheard of.

Good old Luleå! We were sorry to part from the town, but leave will not last for ever, and go we must. The *Thule*, punctual as ever, drew up at the wharf, and we sent down our luggage.

The parting was most melancholy. Mr. R., who had been manager of the Gellivara Company for some time, having ceased his duties about six months before, was taking his departure from the town by this boat, he and his wife and myself forming a very comfortable little party. Having been resident in Luleå over two years, of course R. knew every one in the town; consequently, when the *Thule* was on the point of starting, the entire population had assembled, some on board, some on the pier. The leave-taking was very melancholy, and the amount of tear-shedding most distressing; for everybody was sorry to part with

a couple who had been so much esteemed as R. and his wife. However, it was over in time, the last little old-fashioned curtsey had been dropped by the Swedish ladies, the final hand-shaking had taken place, and our good ship warped away. Then what a flourish of hats and what a prodigious waving of handkerchiefs took place! But of this we soon lost sight, and shortly after even of the town itself, not without many regrets. The last act of hospitable kindness received at the hands of the Luleåites was in the shape of the numerous bouquets brought to the ship as parting gifts—things to be laid up in lavender, and preserved as mementoes of the quaint place and its kindly considerate people.

It was two o'clock when we left the town, commencing, with a clear sky and in every way lovely weather, one of the most pleasant sea trips my experience wots of; but of this down voyage I shall say little, since it so much resembled the journey northwards from Stockholm on board the same steamer, which would, of course, call in at the same towns.

Looking at the low rocky shore from the deck of the *Thule*, I cannot say that one is in any way impressed with the curious geological fact

that every year the coast is rising higher and higher from the water. One ought to be able to see this sort of thing to appreciate it duly. "At present the whole country north of Stockholm and Gottenburg is, along with Norway and Finland, gradually rising, at a rate which is at the North Cape about five feet in a century, decreasing towards the south to three and a half feet; while Scania, or the extreme south of Sweden, is, on the contrary, sinking."* Posterity will certainly have an undue advantage; for in a few thousand years what are now insignificant hills will have risen to large mountains, while the present mountains will have assumed dimensions which will render them wholly inaccessible except to aëronauts. In point of fact the whole style of the scenery will have entirely changed.

The same evening we came to Piteå, and on the following day touched at Skellefteå and Rathan. On the Sunday we had very dull weather, having on board nine parsons, whom we left at Hernösand on the succeeding day, where some sort of clerical gathering was to be held, and at once had a change for the better, the rain ceasing and the thunder-clouds clearing away.

On Monday evening we stopped at Hudiksvall,

* Bryce's Gazetteer.

having now an advantage we had missed on the up journey of seeing the town by daylight. Situated, like most of these Bothnian towns, in a sheltered situation some way from the mouth of a river, it is well protected by the surrounding hills from winds blowing from either quarter. The town, with its near four thousand inhabitants, contains many handsome houses and public buildings, and an ancient and interesting church, bearing on its front the date 1642. This is more likely the year of restoration than of the building of the church, since some of the grave-stones are much older, one especially bearing date 1610, or thirty-two years before. The interior is interesting, but like most Swedish churches in style. There is a gorgeous gilded pulpit, and over the communion-table a gigantic crucifix, the whole of the woodwork being, as usual, painted white.

Seen from the water, Hudiksvall presents much the appearance of some of the smaller Rhine towns (especially it reminded me of sleepy little Remagen), long gardens sloping down to the water's edge, and here and there terraces shaded by trees skirting the river-side, giving a cool and pleasant appearance to the place. The town is very clean, and the streets regular, although hilly.

In one respect Hudiksvall is in advance of its neighbours—it possesses a line of railway running six miles inland!

On the following day we put in at Söderhamn and Gefle; and on the 16th were once more in Stockholm. To approach this grand and glorious town from the east is to see it from the best quarter; and when the effect is aided by a clear summer sunrise, the picturesqueness of the view is unsurpassed. To enjoy this beautiful sight we rose at half-past three. The sky was perfectly cloudless, but the air was terribly fresh, overcoats and wrappers being indispensable. The journey up the lake or fjord in the winding passage among the innumerable islands is most charming, and when the first glimpse of Stockholm, built on its eight islands and two peninsulas, and sloping up the hillside with a background of dark pine forest, is caught in the distance, one seems to be approaching a beautiful picture rather than an actual town. Gradually the buildings assume more perfect and distinct forms as one comes nearer and nearer; and, after passing dozens of ships of all nations at their moorings, the steamer glides quickly up to the skeppsbron, and we are once more in the Swedish capital. There are numerous little steam

launches ready to take you off in any direction, but we do not avail ourselves of their services, as our destination is Rydberg's Hotel, a ten minutes' drive. We had telegraphed from Gefle for rooms to be ready for us, but as we had not stated on what floor, or given any particulars, they have, of course, reserved us the best rooms in the hotel. Our sitting-room was prepared the previous year for some Chinese or Japanese ambassadors, and is very luxuriously furnished. Item: 21 dollars per diem for this sitting-room and two bedrooms! Not so bad for Stockholm, which people tell us is not expensive.

We find the town overrun with English, whom we are *not* glad to see again, and whose path we consequently avoid. We have plenty to occupy our time, for as yet we have seen nothing of the town; accordingly our first day is devoted to exploring—churches, museums, *et id genus omne*. For further information, *vide* Murray or a gazetteer.

In the evening Gung'l is to give a concert at Hasselbacken, which we, of course, attend, and are duly gratified. On the morrow and succeeding days we again explore, and in the evening attend the open-air concerts at Blanche's Café or the Stromparterre, until Saturday arrives,

when I take my leave of Stockholm and of my kind friends, who are bound for Russia.

It is five o'clock on a glorious afternoon when I go on board the canal-boat *Baltzar von Platen*—named after the illustrious "father of the canal," as he has been termed—*en route* for Gottenburg. It is an ugly little boat, with but indifferent accommodation after the *Thule*, but, on the whole, not uncomfortable.

As an engineering work the canal is, no doubt, marvellously interesting, with its numberless locks rising one above another; but for scenery the southern lakes cannot compare with the north. The canal has, in my estimation, been much overrated, both for picturesqueness and as a great and ingenious work. The Rideau canal connecting the St. Lawrence with the Ottawa river, and the Welland between Lakes Erie and Ontario, are quite as wonderful works of engineering skill as the Göta canal. The scenery is diversified, the face of the country being here wild, rugged, and barren; there covered with grand old trees growing in the most profuse luxuriance, the canal winding and meandering between pasture and arable lands, and past numerous villages on its banks. The first part of the journey is through a portion of Lake

Mälar, going due west from Stockholm; and although the view is very magnificent, it cannot be compared in point of picturesqueness with the view from the eastern side of the town. Many rocky islands line the way until the lake is left, and we are out in the open Baltic. By this time, however, it is getting late, and I have retired to my berth, although many of the passengers are still on deck or in the cabins, indulging in noisy conversations and boisterous skåls, utterly regardless of those who wish to sleep.

On the following day, Sunday, which is intensely wet and wretched, we come into Lake Wetter, having gone through two sections of the canal and the Lake Roxen, and passed much pretty park-like scenery, with fine forest trees and rich pastures, which in parts of the canal are so close at hand that one can easily step from the deck of the boat to the bank on either hand.

Norrköping and Motala, famous for their lucifer matches, are not visited, owing either to the miserable wet or darkness. The latter is situated on the shore of the lake, where it stands as a landmark in the moist and misty atmosphere. Lake Wetter is by no means an insignificant sheet of water, for it measures 80 miles long by

15 miles broad, and has a depth of 70 fathoms. Its surface is 295 feet above the level of the Baltic—no inconsiderable height.

The dreary weather gives one an opportunity of studying one's fellow-passengers. The boat is pretty full, and of course there are many English on board. Firstly, an old fellow with a big grey beard, and a tongue of limitless extent, who has travelled much, and who, like many loquacious travellers, indulges their special privilege, and draws his arrow-barbs almost *too* far from the wood; his bow is long truly, but he is inclined to stretch it to its utmost limits. Nevertheless he is very amusing, for fiction mixes in with fact very well. He has been in the Crimea, over the Urals, through Persia; he knows Turkey and Circassia, and Central Europe is his back garden. He resides at Berlin, and is just now going to Norway, having passed round by St. Petersburg and through Finland on his way. One of the circumstances he narrated, which came under his especial notice, and for the truth of which he vouched, gave a pleasant picture of Russian morals. A certain military officer, going to a ball with his wife and daughter, hired a drosky. On the way the gentleman stopped the vehicle to alight, saying he would appear later at the

ball. "By the way," said he, on alighting, to his wife, "I have forgotten my purse; give me some money." Hereupon the lady produced a well-filled purse, and handed her husband a certain sum, replacing her purse in her pocket, the drosky proceeding on its way. Here you must imagine the driver eyeing the money with sparkling eyes, all the cupidity of his nature aroused at the sight of the glistening coin. Then the scene changes. An hour or so later the husband arrived at the ball and looked around for his wife and daughter. They were not there, and had not been seen. He beats his breast, tears his hair, and then thinks of the drosky-driver. Of course he at once goes to the head of the police, fortunately with the number of the drosky in his possession, and a search is at once instituted, which ends in the discovery of the vehicle outside a dram-shop, and the driver inside said caravanserai indulging in kvass. He is very drunk, and the sight of the police frightens him. Search discovers the lady's purse in his possession, and a little pressing leads him to confess. He has murdered the lady for the sake of the money, and thrown her body into the Neva; the daughter he has also murdered, but very injudiciously put her body under the seat of the drosky.

"Such things," said the narrator, "are occurring every day in Russia."

Associated with this gentleman was a younger man, also much travelled and full of anecdote. He had been in Russia, but the great scene of his adventures was Portugal, where he had made love, ridden over many miles of country on saddleless horses, and cooked a dinner for ten in a stove intended to prepare dinners for about three. A very ingenious individual in his way, a sort of amateur Soyer; for with a leg of mutton, a chicken, and a bag of flour he had served up a soup, a curried fowl, a boiled fowl, a roast leg of mutton, and omelettes and pastry galore. He spoke highly of the beauties of Portuguese scenery, but at the same time said travellers must "rough it" very considerably in that pleasant land of bright eyes and stilettoes.

There were two younger Englishmen who seemed to be "something in the City," and who spoke much of their pedestrian exploits in Norway, from which place they seemed to be, in some mysterious manner, returning. Very agreeable companions on a voyage.

There were a few Swedes on board, who seemed to be more on business than pleasure, and two Frenchmen; also a German or two; so

that altogether the nationalities were very mixed, and the language rather polyglot.

On the following morning it was still raining hard. We had hoped to be at the celebrated falls of Trollhättan about four in the afternoon, but some delay in the night, caused by missing the buoys, and a necessary stoppage while a boat went to search for them and the track, had kept us back five or six hours; consequently we could hardly reach the falls before dark. Rather disappointing; but then it was Sweden, where a delay of six hours means punctuality.

In the afternoon we entered Lake Wener, the biggest lake in Sweden, and one of the largest in Europe, being second only to Lake Ladoga in point of size. Its extreme length is 90 miles, while it measures 56 in breadth, and covers an area of 2,120 square miles. Its altitude, 147 feet above the sea level, may in a measure aid the wintry cold in congealing its great surface. What a grand and glorious piece of ice to skate over! Fish are said to be very abundant in this lake, trout predominating in point of numbers; but, as we had no time to practise the "gentle craft," I cannot add my personal testimony to the experience of other travellers. At one time we lost sight of the land, and so

high a "sea" was running, that many of the passengers amused themselves by being sick—a very prosaic way of passing the time. For the canal, the construction of the *Baltzar von Platen* is, no doubt, perfection; but for rough weather in open water—on a pond nearly a hundred miles long, for instance, like Wener—it is simply diabolical. The tub rolled and pitched and tossed terribly, until one began to fancy one's self to be butter in a vast churn. However, we got into smooth water at length, and, after a three minutes' stoppage at Wenersborg, entered the Göta river. Wenersborg is the capital of the province which bears the same name, has nearly 3,000 inhabitants, and does a capital trade in agricultural produce and iron, the great wealth-giving source to many a Swede. Its situation is on the southern margin of the lake. I am given to understand that the scenery on the Göta river is striking; but since we passed the greater portion of it in the dark, and as, moreover, I was asleep at the time, I refrain from expressing an opinion on its beauties.

It was something past nine o'clock when we got to Trollhättan. The rain had fortunately ceased, but it was almost dark, and the sky was for the most part obscured by dull grey clouds.

For the steamer to descend the five or six locks in succession occupies nearly two hours, so that while the *Baltzar von Platen* was slowly making her way down, the passengers went ashore, and made a détour to see the celebrated falls, rejoining the ship when she had cleared the locks and come once more into the open water of the river. There are nine locks on this portion of the canal, which is half a mile long, and has a fall of one hundred and twenty feet from its highest point to its junction with the river.

Guided by sundry ragged urchins, who clamoured for small coins, we soon reached the edge of the falls, passing through dark, steep, rocky paths to arrive at our bourne. By this time the clouds had partially cleared away, leaving many expanses of clear starry sky, and the pink rays of a faint aurora rendered the scene a shade lighter than it would otherwise have been. The falls, although of no great depth, are very picturesque and pleasing, perhaps more deserving the name of a succession of rapids than of a veritable waterfall. The water comes down in great foaming masses, much broken and divided into small streams, that dash hissing and creaming over the jagged rocks beneath the shade of the dark pines standing on the banks. Had we seen these cele-

brated falls by daylight, no doubt their great beauty would have been more apparent; nevertheless, we were much struck by the *coup d'œil*, even in the dim mysterious evening light, which certainly added a grandness, almost a sublimity, to the view.

There is a small village, with a large hotel and pretty church, built above the falls; and of course, as many visitors seek the spot, a "proprietor" has sprung up, who has erected railings to keep off intruders, and small bridges to gain more extensive views; not forgetting, of course, to put some one in charge to levy tribute for the enjoyment of the luxury of a beautiful sight.

Descending a forest track, and afterwards a fair enough road, we came down by some old deserted locks, superseded by the works of the present canal, to the foot of the falls, led always by our urchins, where our steamer was toiling slowly through the last gates. Our guides now renewed their clamouring for money, having obtained which, they cried and quarrelled as to its division, each declaring that he had not received his share, as this peculiar class of vagrant is wont to do. In time, however, their differences were settled, and they went their way; we, meanwhile,

having gone once more on board our tubby little vessel, and after a "modest quencher," to use the words of the illustrious Tapley, retired to our respective berths.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the Road Home—The *Louisa Ann Fanny*—Polite Treatment—The Passengers—A Storm, and consequent Loss of Time—Arrive in London at last.

THE following morning early found us once more back in dismal, sleepy, *gottverlassen* Gottenburg, or Göteborg as the Swedes have it. To the källare at once for bath and breakfast, and then out in the town to see after our boat for London. The weather is fine, but there is a heavy and very chilly wind, while the river is dashing into the harbour in great angry waves, that speak very plainly of the roughness of the unprotected sea out beyond.

An inquiry of the agent as to time of sailing of the Swedish steamer, by which I have a return ticket, produces an answer essentially characteristic of the country, although intensely aggravating to one whose time is limited. According to regulation there should be a boat for London on Thursday, this being Tuesday; "but," says the agent very coolly, "there is *no boat this week*."

"Oh, thank you," say I, "and how about my return ticket?"

"There will be a boat on Monday next."

"On which day I must be in London."

Here am I in the most civilised part of the country, and it seems I am to have as much trouble in obtaining conveyance as in the most remote wilds of Lapland.

It appears that the *Victoria*, the companion steamer to the *Prins Oscar*, has been run into by a Prussian steamer, and nearly cut in two, only escaping sinking by a mere chance, and only getting back into port by paying three hundred pounds to the ship which has kindly disabled her, and which consents for this honorarium to tow her in. There has been another boat put on in place of the *Victoria*, but something has delayed her, and, instead of leaving on Thursday, she will not go until next week.

A great deal of talking ends in an arrangement by which I am to return on the morrow by another line of boats, and I am promised that I shall be in London by this means a day earlier than if I had returned by the Swedish line of steamers. A very empty promise as it turned out.

On the following evening at half-past six I went on board a very long boat, with the most

ridiculously ugly name that want of ingenuity ever devised—the *Louisa Ann Fanny*. On walking on to the poop-deck I was greeted from the bridge by an individual whom I took for a very ill-mannered steward, but who turned out to be the captain, in the following agreeable strains:—

"Hi!"

I am not accustomed to being addressed by this name, which is not mine by any right or title; but as I was the only person for whom the word could have been intended, I turned about, and, fixing my glass in my eye so that I should make no mistake, regarded my interlocutor as if he had been an interesting zoological treasure, which had shown symptoms of misbehaviour.

"Are you a passenger?" he cried, in a tone which would have been suitable to accost a turbulent beggar. I remember that the author of "Through Norway with a Knapsack" recounted with some humour how, owing to his somewhat disreputable appearance after three months' hard walking, he had been refused admittance at the hotels in Drammen; and I wondered whether I was to meet with somewhat similar treatment now. But as two months in Sweden had *not* rendered my appearance ragged,

I presumed I could not be mistaken for a vagrant; and as my mien is never especially ferocious, I could not be suspected of daring or violent robbery. I was on the point of replying in a tone as amiable as that of my interlocutor, but I refrained, answering "Yes" instead, and turning round in such a manner as to present a fair view of my back.

This did not appear to please him, for he at once hurried down from the bridge and up to the poop-deck.

"Have you got a ticket?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered, preparing to produce it.

"The steward will ask you for it presently," said he.

Thereupon I gave him another opportunity of studying my back. I was intensely sorry to find that the first person from whom I received an actual rudeness in Sweden (and his manner—whether intentionally or not I cannot say—could not well have been more offensive) was an Englishman; but stay—I am not certain that I did not hear he was an American.

Punctually to time—half-past six—we towed away from the wharf and bid adieu to Gottenburg and Sweden. The wind was high, and the sky obscured by dull heavy clouds that certainly

augured rough weather, and before eight o'clock we were forced to take shelter from a drizzling rain that beat and drove around us in a very uncomfortable manner. I was sorry to hear others of the passengers complaining of rude treatment at the hands of the captain; but I was not surprised, having had my own experiences on coming on board, and again in reference to my luggage, which was brought down half an hour before we started, the captain then saying that he "would make me pay freight," and "that I might next bring the whole of Sweden on board and call it personal luggage."

The following day was fine and pleasant, although the sea was very rough, driving many of the passengers to the shelter of their berths to indulge their private troubles, and at meal times leaving the table but a scant proportion of the number on board.

The passengers were most agreeable fellow-travellers. Firstly, there was a droll old gentleman, of very philosophical tendencies, who had made money and lost his liver in the West Indies, who amused us with his quaint talk and dry, sage observations, and who was clearly determined to be cheerful under adverse circumstances. There were two legal men, one a Lon-

doner, the other coming from the north, who were returning from a visit to Denmark, and were full of Copenhagen and Thorwaldsen. After them were two brace of much younger tourists—a young German, a middle-aged Swede, a canoeist who had been "doing" the lakes and had his vessel on board, and two ladies accompanied by a youth. The weather was too rough for the ladies, and we saw nothing of them until we were nearing the end of our voyage. Amongst the deck passengers we had a sailor returning to report himself in England as the sole survivor of his ship's company; the vessel, of which he had been mate, having been lost in the Baltic in a gale, when her captain had been smashed by a falling spar, her pilot had jumped overboard in hopes of reaching land by swimming, and all save this one had perished.

On the afternoon of this day the already rough sea became rougher, the breeze increased in strength every moment, the dull heavy clouds gathered darker and closer, and by midnight we were in the teeth of a regular gale. The next day the gale had increased in violence, so that many of the passengers were utterly prostrated and unable to leave their berths, while such of us as were not ill felt that it would be folly to

venture on deck, where a drenching, at least, was inevitable. By dint of digging my heels into the tail of my berth, and ramming a pillow between my head and the hard boards, I managed to keep pretty steady; but I certainly had never imagined that a ship could roll, pitch, and be so buffeted as was the *L. A. F.* without foundering. However, I was pretty comfortable, although the sensation was very like being in a badly-regulated swing, and I lay quietly listening to the roar of the angry waves and the perpetual crashing of glass in the saloon. Most of the passengers were terribly ill, the unfortunate German in my own cabin being amongst the number; and even had it not been so, no attempt could have been made to prepare any meals in the saloon, for nothing could have been induced to remain on the tables. Under these circumstances, such as could eat were compelled to live on sandwiches and the like for that day. Towards evening the wind went down slightly, but the sea was as rough as ever; and even on the following morning, although the sky was clear and the weather fine, the roughness had not subsided, and we were still pitching about. It now appeared that some loss of reckoning had occurred, and that we had been steering for the dreary rocks of

Heligoland; consequently considerable time had been lost. Moreover, there was a fear of the coals running short, and as we had been going half-pace, or less, for about twenty hours, much delay was the result. We ought to have been in London on the morning of this day; now there was little hope of our arriving until the following day.

On a former occasion, in a similar storm, the *L. A. F.* had had part of her saloon carried away, and had been compelled to run for thirty hours or so before the gale; now we were more fortunate, the only loss being a portion of the bulwarks carried away forward. Many of the passengers were aware of the former fact, which did not seem to comfort them during the storm, any more than did the remembrance that our cargo consisted of lucifer matches and wood.

The morning of this day was rendered less monotonous by the discovery on board of a nigger stowaway, whom the captain said he would reward (if he could) with "two months." The man alleged that he had "run" from an American man-of-war then at Copenhagen, and that thence he had made his way up to Gottenburg, with the idea of getting to England by the first available means.

Towards mid-day we got into smoother water, the land protecting us in a certain degree, as the wind was blowing from nearly due west; and a little after eleven in the evening, too late to catch the last train for London, we arrived at Gravesend, where we hove to until six the next morning. At eight o'clock on that day, the 27th of August, we got up to Millwall Docks, about thirty hours behind time, where we were glad to go ashore and see the last of the *Louisa Ann Fanny* and her captain, as also to obtain some breakfast, which we were unable to procure on board.

And so here we were back again in London, after a most glorious two months' experience of Sweden and the Swedes, very heartily regretting that we had just made a voyage from Luleå to London instead of from *London* to *Luleå*.

APPENDIX.

On the admirable principle adopted by the author of one of the ablest and most pleasant books of touring experiences I have ever met with, "Through Norway with a Knapsack," I append a few notes on the general expenses of Swedish and Lapp travelling, as a somewhat erroneous impression has got about that a journey to Lapland is a thing of considerably above the average cost of European touring:—

	£	s.	d.
London to Gottenburg and back by steamer	4	14	6
Provisions and steward's fees	2	6	0
Two days at Gottenburg	1	2	6
Rail to Stockholm	1	17	8
Four days in Stockholm	2	5	0
Steamer to Luleå	2	0	0
Provisions on the voyage	1	10	0
Steamer back to Stockholm and provisions	3	10	0
Canal boat to Gottenburg	1	7	8
Provisions	1	4	0
	21	17	4
Add for incidental expenses	1	2	8
	£23	0	0

Thus the journey from London to Luleå, as given above, will occupy twenty-one or twenty-two days, and cost a little over £1 per diem, unless the tourist should indulge in much

wine, which he will find bad and expensive, and which will, of course, swell the general outlay. The Swedish beer, especially that brewed in Luleå, is a light and agreeable beverage, and very cheap.

If economy is a matter of importance, the journey by rail to Stockholm may be made second class, which will show a reduction of the above figures.

From Luleå to Quickjock and back in three weeks ought not to cost more than about £15 or £16, and a couple of weeks spent in Luleå and its neighbourhood should not cause an outlay of more than five or six dollars a day; that is to say, about £4 10s., or perhaps £5.

It will be seen that two months will be thus occupied :—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
In going to and returning from Luleå, three weeks, giving fair time to see Gottenburg and Stockholm	23	0	0
From Luleå to Quickjock and back, three weeks .	16	0	0
Exploring the environs of Luleå, two weeks .	5	0	0
	£44	0	0

The purchase of curiosities and the addition of any especial luxuries to the above estimate could not well swell the figure to beyond £60, which, having in view the distance travelled, is not excessive; seeing that the benefits to be derived from such a tour in the matter of health are incalculable, that more novelties will be met with than in any other European country, and that the expenditure is not greater than, if so great as, that which would be necessary for a trip of similar duration in Spain and France, or Italy, &c. There is everything to recommend the North, and there is certainly this tremendous advantage to be considered—that the loud, coarse, comic-song-singing, and in every way offensive holiday-maker will not be met, for one is far out of the ordinary beat of the tourist. One

may rejoice in the solitude of the forest, revel in the grandeur of the mountain scenery, be awe-struck with the magnificence of the waterfalls, and wonder at the power of the mighty rivers; but one will never be horrified with such an instance of non-appreciation of the beautiful, and overweening love of the commonplace, as was given in the observations, overheard by a friend of my own, of two Cockney "Cook's tourists" in Switzerland. My friend, himself lost in admiration of some grand prospect, the only disturbing influence being the murmur of a distant force, was recalled to a recollection of his "native heath" by the following dialogue:—

FIRST COCKNEY. "I say, Bill!"

SECOND COCKNEY. "Well, 'Arry?"

FIRST COCKNEY. "*Don't that noise remind you of a 'bus rolling down Cheapside?*"

It must not be assumed that in going to Luleå and Quickjock all the fine scenery of Lapland is seen. Many other routes may be sketched out. To walk, for instance, from Vaikijaur to Gellivara, taking Njommelsaska *en route*, would be interesting, and a return to Luleå might be made by the Råneå or Kalix river, where there is much to be seen. Then again on the Piteå river there is fine scenery, and great lakes may be found with unsurpassed fishing and shooting. The Torneå river presents much of beauty in wild scenery—rapids, falls, and, lastly, the vast sheet of water near its source; while its tributary stream, the Muonio, is well worth following up. On the latter stands Muonioniska, while on the former are Jukkusjärvi, with its quaint little church, and Ava Saxa, a much-visited mountain; sought especially on account of the view which is obtained from its summit of the midnight sun, that great charm for all northern-going tourists.

There is food for the mountaineer, the sportsman, the canoeist, the botanist, the zoologist, the fisherman. You may ascend Sulitelma and cross the Norwegian frontier;

shoot the bear and the capercailzie; paddle upon lakes a hundred miles long; find flowers that will add a charm to any collection; bring back specimens of animals long since extinct in our native island; catch the salmon and the pike in unwonted numbers; and return with mind and body refreshed, invigorated, and prepared to face with redoubled and labour-lessening ardour the duties of daily life.

But do not hope to find a guide-book to the country, for none exists. Trust to the compass (with a table of variations), and where your own skill is insufficient, seek a vägvisare, or guide, who will amuse you by his quaint talk, and charm you with his simple honesty. A slight knowledge of Swedish is very desirable, but may, of course, be dispensed with if the services of a *tolk*, or interpreter, are called in; and some few provisions should certainly be carried in exploring the wilder parts, for meat is so scarce as to be often not obtainable, and white bread is seldom seen.

Lastly, a good map is decidedly a desideratum. Such a one is to be obtained in Stockholm; but I fancy none will be found so serviceable—if even any other is procurable—as that of Captain Pettersson, whose book "Lappland dess Natur och Folk" has more than once been alluded to.

THE END.

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MAP
OF A PORTION OF
LAPLAND
SHEWING THE COURSE OF THE
LOWER LULEA RIVER.
WITH THE NAMES OF PLACES VISITED
also a portion of the
GREAT LULEA RIVER.
AND THE DISTRICT AROUND
LULEA.

(The figures denote the height above the sea level)

SCALE OF SWEDISH MILES.

(A Swedish Mile is equal to about one and an half English Miles)

Arctic Circle

Arctic Circle

GULF OF BOTHNIA

00056910

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